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Sister Mary's stories about animals

Mary

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SISTER MARY'S

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.





THE TAME DOE. Page 88.

THE
LIFE OF
JOHN W. FOSTER
BY
JOHN W. FOSTER, JR.



New York:
J. S. FRANCIS & CO., 202 BROADWAY.
1881.

SISTER MARY'S
STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES.



New York :
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PREFACE

TO THE LONDON EDITION, WHICH IS PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE
OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION, APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY
FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

IN drawing up the following Tales for children at a very early age, the writer has aimed rather at correctness in what she has brought under their notice, than at variety of information, or originality of matter. She has endeavoured to *interest* her young readers, yet she has been very careful not to *mislead* them by exaggerated statements, and has thought it best to leave for after years, and for graver works, much that is undoubtedly curious and deserving of their inquiry. Her object will be answered if she has in any degree succeeded in awakening the spirit of that inquiry; and, still more, if she has directed the infant mind to seek for those proofs of Divine wisdom, power, and goodness in the formation and habits of these various beings, which, at a mature age, will assuredly reward the study of the naturalist.

In the course of these childish narratives, she has referred (for necessary sanction to her assertions) to Dr. Shaw's valuable work on *Zoology*, and occasionally to Mr. Bingley's *Animal Biography*. She has also availed herself of anecdotes of animals which have been incidentally given by modern travellers; and has introduced some few, (and these are stated as having occurred within her own knowledge,) from facts witnessed by individuals of her own family, or by other friends.

If this juvenile work has added but little to the stock of *information*, she flatters herself it may have contributed to the *amusement* of little readers; and she trusts that it will be found to contain nothing to be *unlearned*, nor any thing which can be deemed improper for the eye of childhood.

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AURA was a little girl, nearly six years old, the youngest child of a large family. She was good-humoured and lively; very gentle, and willing to do as she was desired, and of an affectionate disposition. It was not surprising, therefore, that she should be the favourite of her elder brothers and sisters, as well as the darling of her parents. They were all, indeed, exceedingly fond of her, and they frequently made her little presents of such things as were suited to her age and to her inclinations.

Her brother Edwin, who had lately returned from college, had brought her a pencil and a drawing-book; and now the little girl was hourly amusing herself in drawing pictures according to her own fancy, or copying, as well as she could, such objects as were before her, and as she found easy to be imitated: but when drawings had been made of cats and dogs, of cows and horses, of houses and trees, and she had covered many pages of her new drawing-book with what she thought striking likenesses of "Mamma and Laura," "Papa and Charles," and every other group which her invention could supply, she began to be in sad want of subjects for her busy pencil. Her good-natured brother then promised her that the next time he went to M——, the nearest market-town, he would bring her a book full of pictures, which she might copy.

Of this promise Laura did not fail to remind him, and before many days had passed, Edwin produced the delightful book. It contained pictures of Lions, Tigers, Elephants, and many other animals, which furnished the little girl with amuse-

ment because they were *new* to her; and also of some with which she was well acquainted, and which pleased her the more on that account.

For some time her pencil was laid aside for the pleasure of looking at her pictures, while she asked question after question about the foreign animals; about their names, their characters, and the countries from whence they came; and often was poor Edwin called upon to lay down his book that he might answer these inquiries. Sometimes, however, his employment was such that he could not allow himself to be thus interrupted, and Laura would then apply to others for information, with such restless curiosity, that, fond as they all were of the child, it began to be a troublesome hindrance of the evening's occupations. Her sister Mary, who was nearly eighteen, therefore promised Laura that she would tell her, that evening, the story of any one animal which she would choose from among the pictures in her new book; and on the following day, she would give her the history of another: so that in time she might understand *all about them*, without troubling every body with her num-

berless inquiries. Laura was much pleased with this promise, and immediately placing herself on her low seat by Sister Mary, begged her to begin by telling her that evening every thing she could think of about the LION.

Mary considered for a while, for she could *think* of a great deal about this noble animal; more, perhaps, than her little hearer might be able to understand; and besides, a little time was wanted to arrange her thoughts in some order. After a few minutes, however, she began her story as follows.



THE AFRICAN LION

THE LION.



HIS, Laura, is one of the *wild* beasts; that is, one which does not live with men, but goes about in its savage state, and finds its own food in countries where there are but very few people living. The Lion is sometimes called *king of the beasts*; not because he does really govern them, or has any right to be a king; but I suppose he is called so, because he is one of the most powerful animals; and because he is also a very generous, noble creature.

“The Lion is large, much larger than any dog, and exceedingly strong. He has a fine reddish-brown coat, and the hair about his head and neck grows long and thick: this is called his *mane*. His face is not very unlike a man’s face; he looks a very sensible fellow, and at the same time a very fierce one; see, his great thick legs, and his feet. These are armed with sharp claws in the same manner as cats’ are, only he scratches with them much.

more dreadfully than ever Puss did or could do. When he opens this great mouth of his, there are to be seen rows of strong teeth, which will tear through almost any thing that comes in their way. He is said not to be a *cruel* creature, and I believe he does not attack mankind, unless severely pressed by hunger; but when in search of food, he will help himself to the first animal that he can find; and he sets up such a loud roar, that he makes the forests echo with the noise."

"It is a very good thing," observed Laura, "that he does make such a noise, for it must give notice where he is, so that all other creatures may get out of his way, if they can."

"Perhaps," answered Mary, "it was for this reason that God made the Lion utter his terrible roar; for I have read that every other animal will tremble at the sound. But among the habits which God has given the Lion, there is another of the same kind still more valuable, because it serves to protect men from this powerful and fierce animal. It is one which you have read of in the Psalms?"

"What is that, Mary?" asked Laura, with quickness. "What can there be about Lions in the Psalms?"

"You may remember," answered Mary, "that it is there said, *When the sun ariseth*, that is, when it is day-time, *they get them away and lay them down in their dens*. While at the same time, *man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until the evening*. Now, is it not very good of God, Laura, to have made Lions do this; to go about

in search of their prey only by night, when men are quietly asleep in their beds, and to make Lions go home to their dens by day, while men, women, and children may be walking about in safety?"

"Very good, indeed," said Laura, "and very wise too." Yet she looked as if she was somewhat alarmed, and very thoughtful. She added presently, in a lower voice, and drawing still nearer to her sister, "But, Mary, if men were to go out to work *before* the sun rose, would they meet the Lions *then*, and be torn in pieces?"

"I cannot tell you how that might be," said Mary, "but I suppose if they were obliged to be out then, they must be very careful, and keep a good many together, so that if they should meet with Lions, they might be the better able to defend themselves."

"Well, I shall take care, if there is any danger of meeting such fierce animals, never to go out very early, or till you are all ready; for perhaps, the Lions might not know exactly when the sun does rise; and what should I do if I were to meet one? The very sight would frighten me to death."

"And well it might," answered Mary, smiling at Laura's unnecessary alarm; "but, my dear Laura, you need not think any thing about meeting Lions in the garden, whether the sun is up or not. There are no Lions in this country where we live, except perhaps two or three, which have been brought to England in ships; and these are kept shut up in iron cages, so that they cannot get out. No one is allowed even to go and see them without paying

money for the sight ; so you, a little English girl, need not be afraid of meeting Lions, though such a possibility may very well frighten poor negroes, who live in the same country with them."

"Then where do the Lions live, Mary, that you have been telling me about ?" asked Laura.

"They are chiefly found in *Africa* ; and some, I believe, in *Asia*, also," answered Mary. "You, poor Laura, do not know where those countries are ; but I will show you when we are in the school-room. When you begin to learn Geography, you will know all that I can tell you of these places. But now you must understand, that they are very hot, indeed, much hotter than we ever find it here, even in summer ; and that some parts of them are hardly fit for men to live in. In those places it was God's will that there should be a great many of the wild beasts, since they can live and find food where men could find none.

"In *Africa* there is a large space of the country which is known by the name of the *Great Desert*, and there hardly any thing grows, because the ground is covered with dry, hot sand, for many miles together ; much further than you could see across. Now, it is in this *Great Desert*, I believe, that most of the Lions live ; and, besides Lions, a great many other wild beasts too, which perhaps I may describe to you another day.

"Do you remember the story of *Androcles* and his good Lion, that I read to you out of *Sandford and Merton*, some time ago ?"

"No," answered Laura, "I do not quite remember it; will you tell me about it now, Mary, again?"

"It is rather a long story," observed Mary, "and if we had the book in which it is written, I would desire you to read it for yourself; but it is gone to sea with Frederic, so you cannot. Papa has the story in one of his books, but that is in Greek, which you and I cannot read; however, I heard Henry read and translate it, but a few days ago, so that I recollect it. First, however, I must explain some things which would otherwise appear strange to you.

"You have heard, I dare say, of *Rome*; there is such a place now, but the persons who live in it are very different from the Romans in the time of Androcles, or, as he is also called, *Androdus*: that was many hundred years ago. At that time the people of Rome were very fond of seeing wild beasts fight, not only with each other, but with *men*. It was one of their cruel ways of punishing slaves, and prisoners who were condemned to death, to put them into the place where beasts were kept, in order to *fight* with them, as it was called, but as, of course, it commonly happened, to be *torn in pieces* by them. The place where such fights were shown was called a *Circus*; a large open space with a great number of seats all round it, for those who came to see the shocking sight.

"Now, Laura, it happened one day that a great number of people were collected to witness this barbarous amusement at Rome. Many fierce animals were in readiness for the combat: but among them all, none seemed so terrible as the Lions; one of which, in particular, by its great

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strength, and loud roarings, drew every body's attention. This dreadful creature was brought into the Circus, and presently afterwards a poor slave, called Androcles, who had been condemned to be killed in this cruel manner, was turned in to fight with the Lion.

"When the animal saw the slave at a distance, he stood still for a time, then came quietly up to him, as if he knew him well; wagging his tail, and fawning like a favourite dog. Finding that the man took no notice, the Lion rubbed itself against him, licking his hands and feet, with every mark of affection.

"All this while, the poor wretch, who expected every instant to be torn to pieces, and was already half dead with fear, hardly dared to look at the powerful beast which was meant to destroy him. But as he was not attacked, by degrees he recovered his courage, and turned his eyes towards his enemy, when he found the Lion looking fondly at him, and waiting for some mark of encouragement. Immediately Androcles recollected the Lion with even more joy than the Lion had recollected him.

"The people, who were sitting around, shouted in admiration of so strange a sight, and the emperor, who was present, called Androcles to him, to explain what made him and the Lion so friendly to each other; when the slave told the emperor the following story.

"Some years ago, Androcles had been with his master in Africa; and while he was there, was so cruelly used, that at last he ran away from his house, though he scarcely knew where to go with safety. He first went into the

Sandy Desert, that he might not be seen; and there he found it so dreadfully hot, that he was glad to find a cavern, (that is, a hollow place in a rock,) into which he could creep to shelter himself from the scorching sun. While he was there, he was startled by seeing a Lion coming into the same cavern, and tried to hide himself. He saw that one of the Lion's feet was bloody, and the creature was crying out with pain. Presently the Lion saw the man in the cavern, and went mildly up to him, showing his bloody foot; lifting it up, and stretching it out to him, as if to ask him for help. Androcles took courage, and upon examining what was the matter with the foot, he found a large thorn sticking in the wound. He pulled it gently out, and wiped away the blood. This gave the Lion so much ease, that it lay down and went comfortably to sleep, with its foot still in the hands of the man who had treated it so skilfully and so kindly.

“From that day the Lion and the man became dear friends to each other, and lived together in the same den or cavern. The Lion used to supply the man with plenty of food, for he brought Androcles part of every thing which he killed, which Androcles learned to roast, by placing it in the scorching sun, before he ate it. Thus they lived together, in perfect good-will, for three whole years. At last, however, the man grew tired of his cavern, though he had no quarrel with his wild companion; and one night, when the Lion was out hunting, according to his constant custom, the slave went away from his safe hiding-place, where he had lived so long. But it was very

unlucky for him that he did so, for he had not left it long, before he was seen by some soldiers, who seized him, and carried him back to his master, who was now at Rome. Here he was immediately condemned to die, in the way which I have described to you.

“It happened that the Lion also was caught soon after the slave had left him, and he too was taken to Rome, and sent to be kept at the Circus to fight for the amusement of the Romans. Here, to his surprise and joy, he had the good fortune to meet with his old friend and companion ; and had an opportunity of repaying Androcles for his former kindness, by sparing his life at the very moment when it was expected that he would destroy him. All the company who were present, were so much pleased with the story, and with the behaviour of the noble animal, that, upon their request, the emperor pardoned Androcles, and gave him the Lion to be his own.

“It was a common sight to see the slave leading his faithful Lion about the streets of Rome, with a collar round its neck, like a dog ; and those who saw them used to remark, ‘ Here is the Lion that provided food for the man, and here is the man that was the Lion’s physician.’ ”

“ Well,” said Laura, “ that is a very wonderful story indeed ! But do you really think it is *true*, that the Lion knew the man again, and was so grateful and so fond of him ? ”

“ We will inquire more about that,” answered Mary ; “ I cannot tell you for certain myself, because, as I have told you, the book, where the story is written, is in Greek.

But the person who relates it, speaks of having seen the Lion meet the slave in the Circus himself, and I do not think that there is any thing improbable in it. All the animals that we know much of, are very sensible of kindness, and will long remember those who are good to them, as well as those who use them ill. The extraordinary thing in this story is, that the *very same* Lion that had formerly been so kindly treated by Androcles, should be chosen to fight with him."

"Poor Androcles!" said Laura; "I am sure he was well repaid for his kindness to the Lion, by the love of the grateful creature, at such a frightful time! But I wish I knew whether it is quite true."

"Well, Laura," said Mary, laughing at her doubts, "besides this curious story, of the truth of which I cannot be certain, there are some which I can tell you of tame Lions, that I know more about. I was last year at a fair, where there was a very good collection of wild beasts to be seen, and among them there was a great Lion, so very tame, towards those who knew him, that he would suffer his keeper to go into his cage, and pat him, and make him *show his teeth to the company* whenever the keeper chose to order him. The man was not at all afraid of the Lion, and the Lion was remarkably fond of the keeper, who had been his master and feeder for many years.

"But it may surprise you more than this to hear the story of a Lion which cousin Frank has often told me, and which he knew himself.

"When Frank was coming home from the *Cape of Good Hope*, (that is a place in the very farthest part of Africa,) the captain of the ship in which he was, had a young Lion of his own, which he was bringing back with him to England. This animal, which was very young, used to run about the ship, and play with the officers and sailors, just as a dog would do. Sometimes he would pretend to be angry, and would growl, but he never offered to bite, or really hurt any one in the ship, except a little black boy, who was in the party. Whenever the Lion saw this boy, he would look very fierce, and once or twice he did attack him with his sharp claws; if the Lion had been older, the poor little fellow would have had a bad chance of escaping from him, *tame* as the Lion was said to be.

"I cannot tell you why the Lion disliked this boy, more than all the white people that were in the ship; unless it was because he was more like the men in his own country; for do you know, in the part of Africa, where the Lions chiefly come from, every body has a black skin."

"Then," said Laura, "I should have thought the poor black boy, being like the people in the Lion's own country, would have made it love him better than all the rest."

"Oh, no," answered Mary; "for Lions and men do not live at all like friends, in their own country. The men will hunt and kill the Lions, whenever they can; and the Lions will eat up all the men they meet with. There is a story of a black man, who, as he was out walking one day, happened to see a Lion at a distance, with his eyes fixed on him. The Lion was not *running* after the man, but fol-

lowing him slowly, as a cat does when she sees a bird, watching for the best time to spring upon it. This poor man, as you may suppose, was very much frightened at the sight. He knew that it would be of no use to run away, for the Lion could easily run much faster than he could: so he walked very gently on, thinking as he went along, how he should cheat the Lion, which seemed determined to seize upon him for his supper. And how do you think he managed?

“It happened that, not far from the place where the man was, there was a very steep bank, which he recollected. Now he crept slowly to this bank, and there he lay down for a minute. He then took off his hat, and immediately stuck it up on a bush, with his cloak so as to look something like a man’s head, just on the edge of the bank. Having done this, he slid down the bank beyond, clinging to the bushes which grew at its side, till he found a hollow place, where he could stand in safety.”

“But what did the Lion do all this time?” asked Laura.

“I will tell you,” answered Mary. “The Lion was silly enough to mistake the hat and cloak for the man; and as soon as he came near enough he made a sudden spring at it; just as you may have seen Puss spring at a mouse, when it makes its appearance. But though the Lion took such a spring to seize the hat, he did not expect the deep hollow place beyond it; and so over he went, falling with such violence that the poor terrified man, who from his hiding-place was watching what would happen, saw him lying at the bottom as if he were dead. Whether the Lion

was really killed by his fall, or only stunned, I do not know; for the poor man, I believe, was glad enough to steal away in safety to his own home, without caring to put himself again in danger, by going down to look what had become of the Lion."

"That was a very clever trick, Mary," said Laura; "and I wonder the poor man had time to think of such a plan, frightened as he must have been, at knowing that the Lion was following him. But don't you think it was very stupid of the Lion to be so careless?"

"No, Laura," answered Mary. "The Lion, with all his strength and fierceness, is not more able to *think* and *judge rightly* than another animal. God has given him great *power*, which certainly makes him a very terrible creature; but God has not given him *reason* too. And to men, though they have not received nearly so much strength, God has given the means of defending themselves from this savage creature, *by the use of their reason*. But I think it was a most happy thing that the man should find such a place as would enable him to get away from the Lion, *just* at the time when he was in such great danger, and certainly he ought to thank God for his escape from it.

"But now, Laura, you must put up your picture-book for to-night, unless you have any more questions to ask me about your Lion. You may look again at him, and observe his fine shaggy mane, and his long tail, which he lashes about whenever he is angry, just as you have seen the cat do, wagging her tail whenever she is displeased. Indeed, I should have told you, what you will perhaps be

surprised to hear, that the Lion is said to be something of the same kind as a cat. We may, however, be very glad that we have no such great cats as he is in our happy England.

“To-morrow we will see what I can find to tell you about the next animal, which is the Tiger.”



THE TIGER.



“THIS great animal, Laura, is even more savage than the lion, which we were talking about yesterday. It is about the same size as the lion; some Tigers, indeed, are still larger, and they are quite as strong, for I have heard that a large Tiger can seize a cow, and carry her off in its mouth, as easily as a cat can carry a mouse. The Tiger is a kind of cat, as I told you the lion also was.”

“And does the Tiger live in the same country as the lion?” asked Laura: “that same hot desert which will not do for men to live in?”

“No, I believe not,” answered Mary. That desert is in *Africa*, but Tigers live for the most part in *Asia*. There are many of the largest kind in the East Indies, a country which you have heard of, though, perhaps, you do not know exactly where it is. The large *Bengal* Tigers are found in that country. They are generally met with in what are called *Jungles*, that is, thick woods, near rivers: and they lie there hid among the bushes, till they see any

thing which they may wish to eat, when they immediately spring out upon it, nearly as the lion does."

"And what do they like to eat?" asked Laura, in some alarm.

"Oh, I am sorry to say," said Mary, in reply, "that they are very savage, cruel creatures, and they will eat any thing which they can kill. In one respect they are worse than the lion, because he only kills an animal when he is very hungry, and really wants it for his food; but the Tiger seems to be *fond* of killing creatures, whether he is hungry or not."

"But," said Laura, somewhat terrified, "would he kill men and women to eat *them*?"

"Indeed he would, Laura," said Mary, "and I fear he often does, for in India such accidents really happen, unless people are very careful to guard against him. There are no Tigers at large in this country, so we have nothing to fear from them; but persons who go to India should be very watchful to keep out of their way."

"How *can* they do so," said Laura, "if the naughty Tiger hides himself in the bushes, as you say he does?"

"It must be very difficult, indeed, Laura," replied Mary, sighing; "and I hope poor uncle Moorland is very careful now he is gone there."

"Oh, but uncle Moorland has a sword and pistols," said Laura, recovering her confidence; "and if a Tiger were to attack him, he would soon kill it."

"Oh, no, Laura," said Mary, shaking her head, "a sword and pistols might help uncle to defend himself

against a *man*, but they would be of no use at all against a *Tiger*."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Because a Tiger might seize him before he could either draw his sword out of the sheath, or pull his pistols from his belt. There is a sad story, which I will tell you, just to show you what frightful creatures the Tigers of India are; but now you must remember that there are none of them near us.

"About forty years ago, there happened to be a large party of officers in India, who had been spending the day in the country, for the sake of shooting deer. After some time, they found a nice shady place, which seemed just fit for them to sit and refresh themselves, for this is a very hot country—very hot indeed, and they were as glad of shade from the sun, as we are of sunshine. So they got off from their horses, and sat down; their servants were with them, and had made fires, I suppose to dress something for the officers to eat; and the gentlemen were enjoying the delightful coolness of the place, when suddenly a loud roar was heard, and at the same moment, one of these terrible Bengal Tigers sprang out from among the thick bushes near which they sat: and do you know, Laura, before they could do any thing to drive him away, or protect themselves, the savage animal seized on one of the officers, and lifting him up in its mouth carried him away into the wood."

"But did none of the other officers help him?" asked Laura, with a look of horror.

"Yes, indeed," answered her sister; "they helped him as well as they could. Two of the gentlemen loaded their guns, and fired at the Tiger, as he was running back to his den with their poor friend in his mouth. This, I suppose, must have made the Tiger drop his prey; for soon afterwards the young man was seen coming towards the rest of his party: but he was bleeding sadly from the wounds which he had received from the teeth and claws of the savage Tiger. Every thing was done for him that could be done, to heal these wounds, and cure him; but it was all of no use, and the poor young man died the very next day. Is not this a shocking story?"

"Oh, Mary, it makes one quite frightened to think of it," said Laura, shuddering; "why does any one go to places where such cruel beasts live?"

"I suppose, Laura, they are obliged to go there," replied Mary, "and God can take care of them there, as well as in any other part of the world. He preserves us from dangers every day of our lives. Besides, men know better now where these creatures are likely to lie, and so they can the better avoid them. Such dreadful accidents as these are not *common* even in India. But now, as I have told you one *sad* story of a Tiger, it is but right that I should tell you another that is not at all sad, though it might have been just as melancholy, if it had not been for the good sense of a lady.

"There was a large party of ladies and gentlemen, who went out to spend the day in seeing the country, and, like the officers, meeting with a shady place, which they

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thought very pretty, they all stopped here to rest and refresh themselves.

“While they were sitting there, laughing and talking, and thinking neither of Tiger, nor of any other danger, all at once they saw one of these large and dreadful animals coming towards them. Happily it did not make such a spring as the Tiger did which carried away the poor gentleman whom I just now spoke of, but came forwards more gently.

“Now, I do not know that among all the company there were any with guns to shoot the Tiger, if they had had time enough to load them; and yet the whole party were enabled to get away safely, owing to the presence of mind of this one lady, who instantly did what I should never have thought of, even if I had had the time to think. This lady happened to have an umbrella lying by her side. I suppose it was to keep off the sun in that hot country. Directly when she saw the Tiger, she seized her umbrella, and put it up just in his face, so as to screen herself from him. But though the Tiger could easily have torn the umbrella to pieces, and eaten up the lady, if he had chosen—ay, and killed all the company—yet he was fortunately so terrified by seeing the umbrella suddenly spread out before him, that he turned himself about, and trotted back again to the wood: and all the party were able to get into their carriages, or on horseback, and go away, before the creature so far recovered from his alarm, as to return and attack them.”

“Well, that was a clever thought, indeed!” said Laura,

laughing; "and she must have been a brave lady not to run away like that poor man in the picture, for, if she had, I suppose the Tiger would soon have caught her."

"Yes, she would have been running *into* danger, and not away from it, if she had attempted to run away," answered Mary. "But, perhaps, Laura, she did not *think* what was wisest and bravest for her to do, at such a moment of extreme danger. I think God must have put it into her mind to take up the umbrella, which was close at hand; and thereby saved her life, and probably also the lives of the rest of her party. It seems to me that she had much more reason to thank God, than to be proud of herself, for what she had done, and for the escape which they all had from so terrible a death."

"I have heard Edwin talk of hunting Tigers," said Laura. "How can any body be bold enough to hunt such dangerous animals?"

"There are certainly people bold enough to do this," answered Mary, "for I have read descriptions of Tiger-hunts, but I always thought that it must be most dangerous sport."

"Do they take umbrellas to frighten away the Tigers?" asked Laura.

"No, I believe not," replied Mary. "I do not know that *all* Tigers would be frightened by umbrellas, as that one was we have been speaking of; and even if they would be frightened, this would not answer the purpose of the Tiger-hunters, for they do not wish to drive them away, but to catch them."

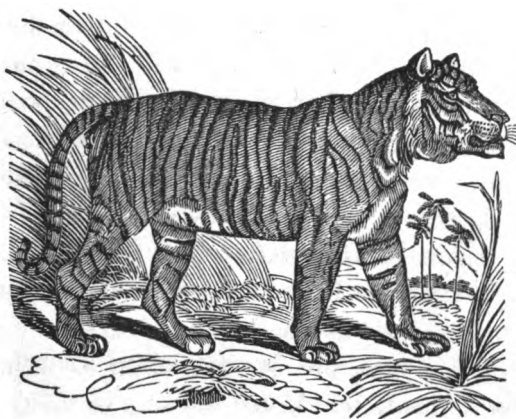
"To *catch* them!" exclaimed Laura, in astonishment: "why, what can they possibly do with such monsters, when they are caught?"

"Perhaps some Tigers may be wanted to be kept alive in great iron cages, in order to be shown about, as sights: for many persons who would be terrified at the thought of meeting with a Tiger in the wood, would feel pleased to look at him, when they could do so in safety; for he is a very beautiful creature, and quite unlike any that we have in this country, unless it is the cats; and he is so much larger, and stronger, and handsomer than any cat, that he is well worth seeing. But besides those which are taken alive, to be kept for curiosity, many are killed for the sake of their fine skins, which are very valuable; and as rich men will pay a great deal of money for them, poor men do not fear taking much trouble, and going into some little danger, in order to procure these skins. The danger, too, of hunting Tigers, is nothing like the danger of being attacked by them unexpectedly, because, while hunting, men go in parties on horseback, with their guns ready loaded; so that as soon as the Tiger appears, they all, being on the watch for him, fire at him at once. Then, if he should not be immediately killed, he sees so many enemies, that he does not know which to attack first; and if he were to make a spring at them, he would probably injure the poor horse only, without hurting the man who rode on it."

"Well," said Laura, "I do not love to think about the Tiger; and I hope uncle Moorland will not try to get any

of their beautiful skins, for I fear he might be hurt in hunting for them. Now, Mary, tell me about the wolf; I hope he is not so savage."

"We must talk about the wolf to-morrow," said Mary. "I am not sure that you will love him much better than the Tiger. But now it is time to put up your pictures for to-night."



THE WOLF.



“NOW, then,” said Mary, when the pictures were produced on the following evening, “I must begin to tell you about this fierce creature: and first you must understand that a Wolf is not at all like the animal which you have read about in the story of *Red Ridinghood*. That is a very silly story, and could never be true, for there never was a Wolf who could talk to little girls, or dress itself like an old woman. A Wolf is like a large dog, and, indeed, is said to be a kind of dog. He is, however, much more fierce, and far stronger than any dog that we are acquainted with.”

“Will they *eat* people, Mary,” asked Laura, “like the lion and tiger that you told me of?”

“Why, Laura,” replied her sister, “I must not tell you that Wolves *never* eat people, for they sometimes do so. But it is very uncommon for them to attack men, as they are great cowards, and afraid even of many animals which they are *able* to kill, and which they very well like to eat when they have killed them. They are the worst enemies

to sheep and goats. A poor little lamb, or a kid, away from its mother, would be in great danger if it were to fall in the way of a hungry Wolf; and, therefore, in all countries where many Wolves are known to be, farmers are always very careful to guard their flocks; and, I believe, they set dogs to watch them, as you may have read in your little story-books.

“Sometimes, however, in very severe winters, when the weather is extremely cold, and there is nothing to be found in the fields for Wolves or any other animals to eat, then a Wolf grows bolder. He is a greedy creature, and would always be eating if he could, so that he does not know how to bear being really hungry. At such times, therefore, Wolves will come near houses and villages, and will seize any thing or any one that comes in their way, rather than starve. I have heard of Wolves, when in great distress, killing persons, if those whom they attacked had no stick, or any thing else, to drive them away. But such very cold winters do not happen often, and therefore it is a very uncommon thing for a Wolf to hurt men, women, or children.”

“Where do Wolves live, Mary?” said Laura.

“There are many of these creatures in France, and in the countries near it; and in severe winters they give the shepherds a great deal of trouble to drive them away from those places where their sheep feed. Indeed, there are Wolves to be found in almost all parts of the world; in some places, where there are but few inhabitants, there are numbers of these creatures: in others, where there are

many inhabitants, there are but few Wolves; for Wolves are afraid of man, and like to keep out of his way. Once, a long while ago, there were a great many Wolves in England; so many, that they were very troublesome, and did much mischief, but they were nearly all destroyed by a clever plan, which I must tell you of.

"The person who was King of England then, and whose name was King Edgar, was a very powerful king, and very rich; and a great deal of money was paid to him every year by people who served him. But when King Edgar heard how much mischief was done to his people by the number of Wolves which were every where about the country, he made a law, that those persons who used to bring him money should, for some time to come, bring him a certain number of *Wolves' Heads*, instead of the gold and silver which they had always been used to pay."

"But," said Laura, interrupting her sister, "how could they get the Wolves' heads; and of what use could they be to the King when he had them? Nobody could buy any thing with such money as that, and I suppose they are not good to eat."

"You must listen, Laura," answered Mary, "and I will tell you what this new law of King Edgar's was made for. The people certainly could not find Wolves' heads to pay the King with instead of money, without killing many Wolves: but as soon as they knew of this new way of paying, perhaps they found it more easy to kill Wolves than to find money; and I dare say many set to work to hunt these wild animals, for the sake of having their heads to

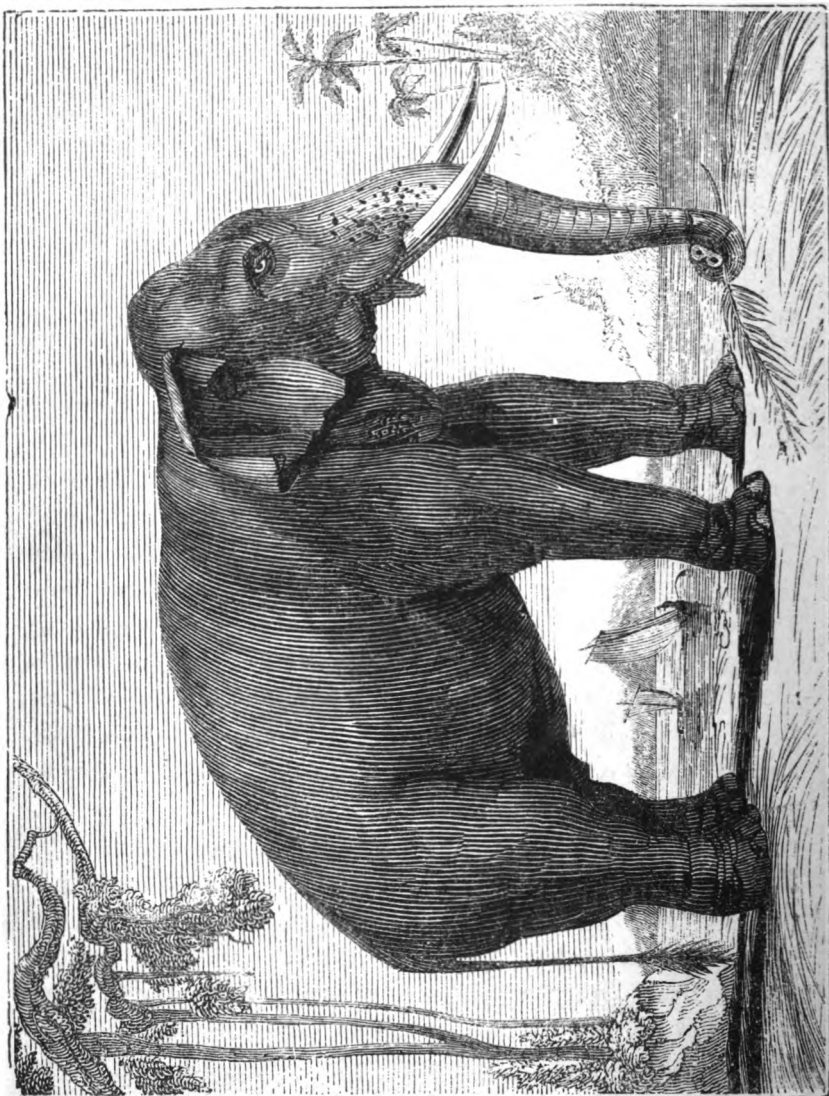
sell. For though nobody would buy the heads to *eat*, yet they would be worth money now that they were wanted to pay to the King. And though they were of no use at all to King Edgar, when he had received them, yet they were proofs to him, that so many of these mischievous creatures had been destroyed, and that was just the very thing which he wanted when he made the law; for he was a good King, and very clever, though I believe he was not a very good man.

"This happened a great many years ago; and since that time, Wolves have become so scarce in England, that I suppose it would have been easier for the people to find gold and silver, to pay the King, than to find so many Wolves' heads as were required to be paid to him instead of money. Now there is no such thing as a Wolf to be found in England; nor have there been any for more than five hundred years. Englishmen may, therefore, let their sheep feed in safety, so far as the Wolf is concerned, though now and then the dogs will behave as badly as Wolves used to, and kill many poor sheep, instead of taking care of them."

"Well, I think that King Edgar managed very cleverly, Mary," said Laura, who had been listening very thoughtfully to this account: for she was but a little girl, and had heard or read some silly stories about Wolves eating up poor children; and though she had never *seen* any of these animals, yet she was foolish enough to be afraid of them; and now it made her happier to know that they had all been destroyed.

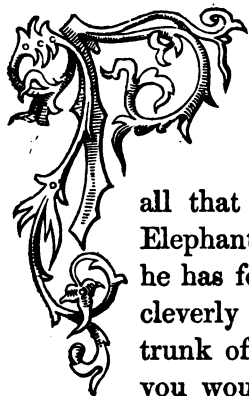
It is a sad thing for children to fancy, without a cause, that any creatures will hurt them ; and to dread, they know not what, when their parents assure them that there is no reason for alarm ; for mamma and papa would always keep their children out of danger, if there was any thing to fear ; and nothing can be so foolish as to be *afraid*, when there is nothing to be afraid of.





THE CEYLON ELEPHANT. A PORTRAIT, FROM A SKETCH BY W. DANIELL, ESQ.

THE ELEPHANT.



ERHAPS, Laura," said Mary, as soon as the little girl had placed herself at her sister's side, and had found in her book the picture of this very large animal—"perhaps you may know almost all that I can tell you of our good friend the Elephant. You know what an odd contrivance he has for taking his food, and have heard how cleverly he can pick up any thing with that long trunk of his, and put it into his mouth, just as you would gather fruit with your hand, if you might do so, and put it into your mouth. This long trunk is called his *Proboscis*; a hard word for you to remember, but when you hear it spoken, I dare say you will remember what it means. - The proboscis serves the Elephants, instead of hands, to collect their food, and it is well for them that it does so, for their great fore-feet are so clumsy, that they could be of little use to the poor creatures, except for the purpose of supporting their large body, and helping them move from place to place. They use these fore-feet, to be sure, when they are angry, to

punish those who hurt or offend them, and would, with them, trample any body to death, who was so unfortunate as to fall under their displeasure. But this, I suppose, does not happen very often, for the Elephant is a gentle creature, not at all fierce, nor easily offended."

"I do not like him," said Laura, "for all his good-humour. He is such an ugly fellow; and that great pipe from his nose, I forget what else you call it, makes him appear so strange that I had rather not look at him."

"Oh! but that is like a silly little girl," said Mary. "You may turn over the picture, if you really do not wish to look at it, but you had much better learn not to dislike seeing a thing because it is not handsome. If you were in some countries, where the Elephants live, you would be obliged to look at them. Do you know that there are some places where Elephants are treated with great respect, and have servants to wait on them, and houses to live in? and they become so fond of the persons who take care of them, that they would punish any one who offered to hurt their friend."

"I have heard about that, Mary," said Laura. "Mamma read me a story out of a pretty new book, which had in it pictures of Elephants. But I do not know whether it is all true. It seemed very strange, and I could hardly believe all that the book told me."

"There are, certainly," said Mary, "many wonderful stories told of the Elephant, but that is because he is a wonderful creature; and God has given him the power of acting wisely, almost as if he could reason about what he

did. You may believe these stories, though they are so strange, for many people have seen Elephants do the very things which you read in books of their doing."

"Well," said Laura, with her face brightening, "I should like to hear any thing that any body had really *seen*."

"I cannot," answered Mary, "tell you any very wonderful stories, which either I have myself known of the Elephant, or which any one whom I know has witnessed: but if you would like to hear it, I can tell you what cousin Frank really saw of these creatures, about five years ago, and this you will readily believe.

"When he was stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, he was sent in a ship to sail along the coast for a considerable distance. You know what I mean by *the coast*? It is the edge of the land, so that the sailors from the ship could see the land, as the ship sailed through the sea.

"Now, cousin Frank says, that for a long way they saw the land, but that there was nothing to be seen upon it, but dry sand. No green grass, no trees, and no living creatures, that he observed. At last, as the ship moved on, he saw a place where there was green grass and many trees: quite a thick wood, and very pleasant it looked, after seeing nothing but sand for so long a way. Presently afterwards he perceived five of these large Elephants standing on the beach, close to the water's edge; and what do you think they were doing? They were gathering branches off the trees, with those same long trunks of theirs, which you think so ugly."

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"How could they do that?" asked Laura.

"Why, they wrapped their trunks round each branch, so as to grasp it quite tight, and then they pulled hard, and crack it went; the branch broke from the tree, and the Elephant laid it on the ground, and then went to another branch, which he gathered in the same way. I cannot tell you what these branches were wanted for. Cousin Frank told me that the sailors went in a boat to the land, and took guns with them, to shoot these Elephants; for I must tell you they are very valuable creatures, and the ivory which we use is made from their tusks. Should you have thought it possible that our knife-handles, your cup and ball, and the keys of my piano-forte, besides a great many other things, were once parts of these ugly-looking Elephants? But I must return to my story. As soon as the Elephants saw the sailors coming, they hastened away faster than you would think such large, heavy animals could move; and still as they went, they kept throwing up their long trunks into the air, to show how angry they were with the men for disturbing them. The sailors followed them into the wood, and there they saw a great number of Elephants together: more Elephants than there are sheep in papa's field; five or six hundred, cousin Frank says. And all these great creatures went frightened away from about nine or ten men! But they were not *all* large Elephants. Frank said it was droll to see the young ones, of which there were a great many, trotting off between their mothers' fore-feet, where I suppose they were placed for safety; for mamma Elephants

take care of their children, like all other mammas. The whole herd kept moving off in this manner, as fast as they could, till at last one very large old Elephant seemed to think it a shame for him to run away, for he turned round towards the sailors who were following the herd with loaded guns."

"Oh! dear!" said Laura, "and did he trample the poor sailors to pieces with his great fore-paws?"

"No, indeed, Laura," said Mary, "he did not offer to hurt the men, but he would not suffer them to hurt his children and their mothers. So there he stood trying to frighten the sailors, by looking very angry indeed, stamping on the ground with his great heavy feet, and tossing up his proboscis, as if he would destroy any that came nearer. He continued thus till the rest of the Elephants were nearly out of sight, and then he turned himself round again, and marched off very slowly after them, no longer appearing to be afraid of the men, now that his family and friends were in safety."

"Brave old fellow!" said Laura, in admiration. "Now I *do* like him, though he was so ugly. And he was very good, too, not to hurt the men. But did he too get safely away?"

"Yes; Frank says that he walked off unhurt. Indeed, the men who had followed him, had but little chance of hurting him; for soon afterwards they met with another Elephant, at which they fired; and eleven times he was hit with their balls, each of which would have killed a cow, and yet he walked away as if nothing had happened to him."

"That is very strange!" said Laura; "and I suppose that is what made the old Elephant so brave. He knew that the men could not hurt him."

"Oh, but the men *can* hurt Elephants," answered her sister; "at least they can make prisoners of them."

"*Prisoners!* what, of Elephants? what can they do with them? such large, ugly creatures, that any one would be afraid to touch," said Laura, who was surprised to hear of such powerful animals being ever kept in confinement.

"When men take pains, and consider a long time how to contrive any thing which they wish to do," said Mary, "they will frequently succeed in doing what at first sight appeared impossible. Now, they do take a great deal of trouble to catch the Elephants, but they find their trouble well paid when the creatures are caught; and they need not be so very much afraid of going near them, ugly as *you* think them, because you must remember that Elephants are not at all fierce, and would not hurt any one if they could help it; for when Elephants have been obliged to go along a road where men have been lying in their way, the good creatures have stepped so carefully, to avoid hurting the men, that any one might see how well they observed where they set their great heavy feet. I have even heard of one, who on a journey could not go on without stepping on a poor wounded man, who was lying across the road; and what do you think this good Elephant did?"

"Did he stand still till the man moved away?"

"No, that he might not do, for he was driven on by his master. But he put his long trunk underneath the poor

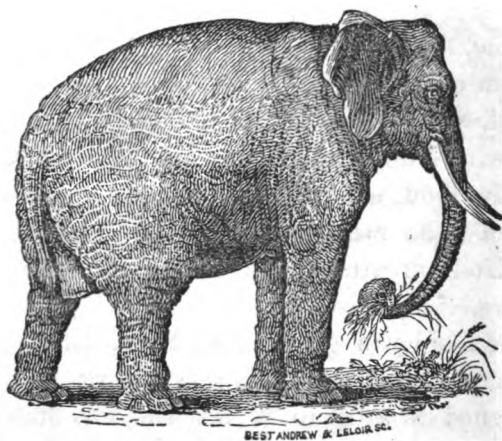
man, and lifting him gently up, laid him on another place, where he might lie in safety. Now will you not love even the great, ugly Elephant, for being such a good, careful creature as this, Laura?"

"Indeed, Mary," said Laura, "I *must* love him for *this*, and never mind his being ugly."

"Well, I have heard many such stories, and I believe *true* stories of him," observed Mary; "and when you are old enough to read, and to understand books which tell you the history of animals, you will think that you were a foolish little girl, when you disliked any thing merely because it was not pretty. Papa says, it is one of the proofs of God's goodness, that, when He made such very large and strong animals as these, He made them so very gentle, and so teachable, that they are more like *friends* and *servants* to men than enemies, of which he should be afraid. They are, indeed, very useful servants wherever they are used, and men who employ them ought to be very kind masters to them; for God, who made such great animals obey men, taught men to be merciful to them, and use them kindly. They are God's creatures, and God made all his creatures to be happy.

"Before I bid you good-night, I will tell you one more story of the Elephant which is related by Captain Munday, as it happened to a friend of his who was hunting in the jungles of India, on the back of an Elephant. The gentleman had wounded a lion, who rushed at the Elephant, and the sportsman was leaning forward to fire another shot, when the howdah (the box upon the Elephant's back) sud-

denly gave way, and he was thrown over the head of the Elephant into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would shortly have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the Elephant, urged by his mahout, or driver, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and grasping in her trunk a young tree, bent it down across the back of the lion, and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold. Captain Munday says that his friend's life was thus saved, though his arm was broken in two places, and his body was severely clawed.



THE BEAR.



MARY and Laura were walking out with their mamma, one morning, when they heard an odd kind of music, neither pretty nor loud, but something like a distant drum, and a squeaking fife. Presently a great many rather dirty-looking children were seen approaching, and several men and women, all crowded together; and Laura thought that the music she had heard was played by some one in this crowd, though she could not see the musicians, for she heard it plainer as she came nearer to them.

Laura's mamma went into the house of a poor woman, whom she knew, to avoid the crowd, and Laura placed herself at the window of the cottage, for she wanted to see what it was that all these people were looking at. They soon came up to the window, and stopped before it; and then Laura saw a man, with a pipe and tabor, on which he was playing to *something* that was dancing, but *what* that was Laura could not tell.

"Is it a great dog, Mary?" she asked, as she watched a large shaggy brown animal that was now led by the man, by means of a chain, which was fastened to its head. The man saw the child at the window, and brought the odd animal nearer to her, and made the people who stood round it move away, so as to leave an open space in which she could see it move. He then took off his own hat, and put it on the head of the animal, and a stick in one of its fore-paws. The poor beast was made to move about upon its two hinder-paws, but did it very awkwardly, and seemed very tired. However, the man began again to play on his pipe and tabor, and the poor creature kept moving as long as he did so

"What can it be, Mary?" said Laura again.

"It is a *Bear*, Laura," answered her sister, who was also looking at it from the cottage window, while their mamma was talking to the poor woman at the other end of the cottage. "It is called a *dancing Bear*; but I think this is odd kind of dancing."

"See, Mary," added the child, "see, the dancing Bear is not dancing *now*; he looks tired. What makes him dance, and then sit down? What does he want?"

"He wants to *rest*, poor creature, I suppose; for I dare say he is very tired, going about dancing in this way, whether he likes it or not. The man *makes* him dance, but I cannot tell you how. See, the man is angry with the Bear for sitting down, and is going to beat him! Oh no, the Bear gets up again! He is afraid of that stick in the man's hands, and so he begins dancing again. Poor fel-

low, he must not mind being *tired*, for he will have to dance a great while longer yet."

"But what must he dance for, if he is tired?"

"I suppose, Laura, the man makes him dance to please us; and then he hopes we may give him some money for his trouble."

"But, Mary, it is the *Bear's* trouble, and not *his*. I should like to give some money to the Bear, only that the Bear cannot take care of money. Yet, if I buy a cake, I could give it to the bear, and he *could* eat that, though he could not take care of money."

"No, we must give the money to the man, who is the Bear's master; and we must leave *him* to give the Bear what food, and what share of the money, he thinks fit, for its trouble. There, mamma is going to pay the man, and then he will let the poor Bear rest himself."

The man, at this time, came up to receive the money which Laura's mother held out to him; and as the crowd moved on, Laura saw two or three droll little dogs, curiously dressed up like men and women, some in scarlet jackets, and others in gay silk petticoats, following the Bear. She had not observed these dogs before, and pointed them out to her mamma. The man now again began to play, and made some sign to the dogs, upon which they also began to jump about on their hinder legs, very much to the amusement of Laura, who laughed heartily at the comical figures the dogs made in their smart but strange dresses.

All this time the Bear was again made to dance in his

way. However, Laura's mother did not choose to have them stay any longer before the poor woman's door, and therefore she thanked the man, and called Laura and Mary from the window; and presently the man, with his strange dancers, went away, followed by the crowd of men, women, and children, which had been drawn together by the sound of the tabor, and amused by the performances of the dogs and the Bear; and Laura, with her mother and sister, returned home.

In the evening, when Laura came down into the drawing-room, her first care was to find her picture-book; and when it was found, her next thought was to look for the picture of the Bear, which she remembered to have seen in it before, though she had not thought about the animal, nor had any wish to know any thing of its history, till she saw the dancing Bear in the morning.

"Oh, now, Mary!" she said, as soon as she had found the picture, "do tell me all you know about this poor creature: where does it come from?"

"Bears," replied sister Mary, "come from many parts of the world, though there are none to be found in England. They love large, thick forests, where they can remain undisturbed, and where they can find the food that they like."

"And what food does the Bear like?"

"The common Bear eats fruit, and vegetables, and roots of various kinds. There is another kind of Bear, that will eat small animals, though they do not often attack *men*, unless when they are provoked, by having their young ones

killed or hurt: but this makes them very savage indeed, for they are remarkably fond of their young ones. The sort which you saw to-day is one of the common Bears, and most likely was taken, when he was young, in some of the colder parts of Europe, where there are many very large forests."

"And do all Bears dance as he did?"

"No, I should think not," said Mary. "You may have heard of Bears dancing when they are living wild in their own forests, but I should not think it was *such* dancing as you saw this morning: that poor animal had been taught to dance, and do whatever the man who led it about desired it to do; and I am afraid much cruelty has been used to make it learn its lesson, and repeat it when desired. It certainly was afraid of the man, for did you not see how soon it got up and began to dance again, when he held up his stick, and, as we thought, was going to beat the Bear?"

"Yes, I remember," said Laura; "and the poor thing looked so tired, that it could not have danced for *fun*, and so I suppose it was for *fear*."

"I dare say," said Mary, "the man does not give it food till it has danced: so it may dance for *hope* and *hunger*, as well as for fear; but I do not think such a great awkward creature *can* dance for its own pleasure. And yet, Laura, though the Bear is such a great awkward creature, it is very clever in climbing trees. This it does, in its own forests, to search for food; but even if it were not hungry at all, it would like to climb, because it is its nature to do so.

"Did you ever hear of the Bear in Robinson Crusoe, when his man Friday made it dance to please and amuse his master? That Bear had never been taught to dance or to climb, and yet it ran up the tree as nimbly as a cat would do.

"Bears are very fond of honey, and they will seek for it in trees, where bees, in their natural state, often make their honey. The Bear knows where he is likely to find it, before he goes up the tree, for he quickly smells it. How he manages with the poor bees, I do not know. I suppose they are very angry at the sight of such a robber. But perhaps his thick fur makes him safe from their stings, however angry they may be."

"How I should laugh to see a Bear climbing up a tree!" said Laura, still thinking of the clumsy figure of the animal, so little fitted, as she fancied, for any active exertion.

"So did Robinson Crusoe; and Friday meant that he should laugh. But the Bear performed very well, and mounted from branch to branch, without finding his large, thick body, or his rough coat, any incumbrance to him. But I believe he was very angry with the man Friday, and Friday was not kind to him, for he killed the Bear, after laughing at it."

"Was the Bear that we saw this morning savage, because the people laughed at him?"

"I do not know that he was. Poor creature, I do not think he knew that they were laughing at him, and he seemed too much afraid of his master to be savage."

"Then why was his mouth tied up so? I saw some string tied round and round his mouth, as if it was to prevent his opening it, to bite any body."

"Well, perhaps that was done for the reason you suppose. That way of tying up the mouth is called muzzling it; and I suppose Bears are muzzled when they are first brought to school, for fear they should grow sullen and try to bite, when they are corrected for not doing as they are taught. But when these common Bears are at liberty, they are very gentle, at least in those countries where there are a great many of them."

"Can you tell me the names of any of those countries, Mary? I will try to recollect them."

"There is one country with a very hard name, in which are many Bears; and where people hunt them for profit. Kamtschatka is the name of the country. It is the very farthest part of Asia, a very cold country indeed. The people who live there are called Kamtschadales. There people hunt the Bears, which are, notwithstanding, so friendly and gentle, that they do not even run away from the hunters."

"And what do the people (I forget their hard names) hunt them for, if they are so good-natured?"

"Oh, Laura, they hunt them because they are very valuable to them. The thick, warm Bear-skins sell for a great deal of money, and are bought by the rich gentlemen in Russia, for clothes and coats, and by the ladies for their muffs, to keep them warm. Then the flesh of the Bear is eaten, and thought very good. The *fat* is used for many

purposes; you have had some of it to make your hair grow thick; perhaps you did not know that the Bear's grease, which nurse puts on your hair after it is washed, is made from the fat of this animal. Then its *bones*, too, are used, as I have read, for making their sickles* for cutting corn, and its *sinews* for making thread; something, I suppose, like the thread which is made from the sinews of the reindeer."

"Indeed, the Bear is a very useful animal; and so, for that reason, he must be killed. Poor fellow! I do not wonder that he likes best to live in large forests, out of the way of men, if men use him so ill. I am sure I should, if I were a Bear, and were to be hunted, and laughed at, too, whenever men came near me."

"You judge very right, Laura; but there is another reason why Bears like to live in their large forests. They love to sleep in the winter, and spend the cold months in a dozing state. And *there* they have nothing to disturb them, and may sleep away as much of their time as they please; till the spring returns, bringing its warm pleasant days, when the poor Bears rouse themselves from their long winter's sleep, and come out to look after their neighbours in the fields and villages, and, perhaps, to see what is to be found for their meat; for they are said to have very good appetites when they first come out of their forests; and to be so thin, that people think that they have had but little to eat in the winter months; indeed, it is said, and believed by many persons, that they have *nothing* but what they can get from sucking their own shaggy *paws*. But I should

* The *blade-bone* is said to be used by the Kamtschadales for this purpose.

not think the poor Bears can find much *nourishment* from that, though I cannot say that they do not."

"But, Mary," said her mother, who was sitting at her work a little way from the two girls, "now that you have told Laura the history of the Bear which she saw this morning, and his relations, which are, I believe, a very harmless race upon the whole; it is but right that you should let her know, that there are other Bears which are by no means gentle, but are as savage and dangerous animals as can be met with."

"Oh, mamma," said Laura, running up to her mother, with much curiosity, "what sort of Bears are these, and where do they come from?"

"They come from America, Laura," replied her mother, "or rather they are found there, for they seldom come far from their own wild country, where they have very few men, even to visit them, and where none *live* among them. They live in a wild, rocky country, and seem to think that they are the *masters* of it. The savage Indians, however, who live by hunting, will often attack these *brown* Bears, and go in parties on purpose to find them; but they consider the undertaking so dangerous, that though they are very bold men, and very clever in hunting wild animals, so as to escape being hurt by them, yet they do not like to go after Bears, unless there are seven or eight of them, and all of the party provided with guns."

"Why, what are the men afraid of, mamma?" said Laura. "Do these Bears kill men, like the lions and tigers that Mary told me of?"

"I am afraid, Laura, they would do so, if they could," answered her mother, "for these Bears are very fierce; and though they, perhaps, do not want to *eat* men, as the lions and tigers do, yet they look upon men as their enemies, and are angry with them for coming into their own country.

"You love a story, Laura, and I think I must tell one that papa read to us last night, out of the *Quarterly Review*, after you were gone to bed. It was about these North American Bears.

"There was a party of these wild American Indians, who set out with two gentlemen, in pursuit of Bears; and perhaps they thought, as they were all armed, that they should have no difficulty in killing all they met with, but you will find they were much mistaken if they thought so. They soon spied out a very large Bear, and crept softly up towards him, till they were very near, before the animal saw them. Then four of the party fired: and their balls went into the Bear's body. The Bear, very angry at these wounds, set off directly to attack the men who had wounded him: but as he came running on, the other two, who did not fire at first, took aim at him and fired; one of these balls broke his shoulder, so that the poor animal could not move for a short time. But after he had a little recovered from the pain, he again hobbled towards them, until he came so near, that they were all glad to run away. Two of the men got into their boat, and the rest hid themselves among the willow-trees, that grew near the river, and these fired at the Bear from thence. Still he did not

mind, but kept following all he could see of his enemies, till they were heartily frightened. The Bear, indeed, almost came up with one who ran the slowest, when another of the party luckily shot him in the head, and that killed him at last. They found afterwards, upon cutting up the Bear, that it had been wounded in *eight* places, though it was only the last wound that ended its life."

"Mamma, I think it would be best to let these savage Bears alone," said Laura; "for if one man was to be killed by them, it would be worse than going without the Bears or the Bear-skins altogether."

"I do not know but you are right, Laura," answered her mother. "Perhaps the profit is not worth the danger which the hunters run into in order to get the skins. But yet it is a very good thing that there are people bold enough to attack such fierce animals; since otherwise they might come out of their own country, and do much mischief among men who live in the neighbourhood. For you must remember that *this* Bear will fight with men, even if the men did not meddle with the Bears. There was a gentleman who was in the country where they are found, that had just fired off his gun at another animal, when he saw a large brown Bear stealing towards the place where he stood, with its eyes fixed upon him, as if he meant to devour him for his supper. The Bear, at this time, was not much further from the gentleman than the length of this room. In his first surprise, the gentleman raised his gun to his shoulder, in order to shoot the Bear; but directly he recollected that he had fired it off before, and had not time

to put fresh powder and ball into it ; so that his gun was of no use to him, and he saw that the only chance which he had of escaping from the Bear was by *running*.

"So, Laura, he set off, running as hard as he could ; faster, I dare say, even than you ran when I called you to give you a cake this morning. But the Bear also set off running after him. It was in a very open country, and there was no tree, and certainly no house, for him to run to for shelter. The gentleman ran fast, but the Bear ran faster ; his *four* legs were swifter than the gentleman's *two* legs, and the poor gentleman was soon very much out of breath, and thought the Bear would certainly catch him with its great mouth wide open (for it had no *muzzle* on, like the quiet Bear you saw this morning.) Happily, however, it came into his head that he might save his life by getting into the water. He was very near the river at this time. So he jumped in, and went as far as he could safely walk, and then turned round to face the Bear, that by this time had almost overtaken him."

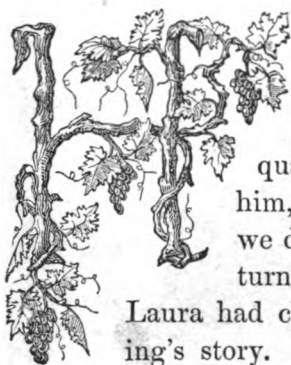
"Oh, the poor gentleman !" said Laura, in breathless attention. "What did become of him ?"

"Why, he was *saved*, Laura. He turned towards the Bear, and held out his sharp stick against its face. The animal, when it saw that the gentleman no longer ran away, but, on the contrary, was prepared to attack him, began to be afraid in his turn ; and not choosing to follow the enemy into the water, or to run the risk of *fighting*, he turned round and trotted back again, at a good quick pace, to his own home, wherever that was. The gentleman, I

assure you, was very well satisfied to have escaped from such a dangerous enemy, and thought but little of what might have been the value of the Bear's thick fur, *if* he could have killed it—happy enough to find himself safe from the creature's savage jaws, which had so lately been gaping to devour him."

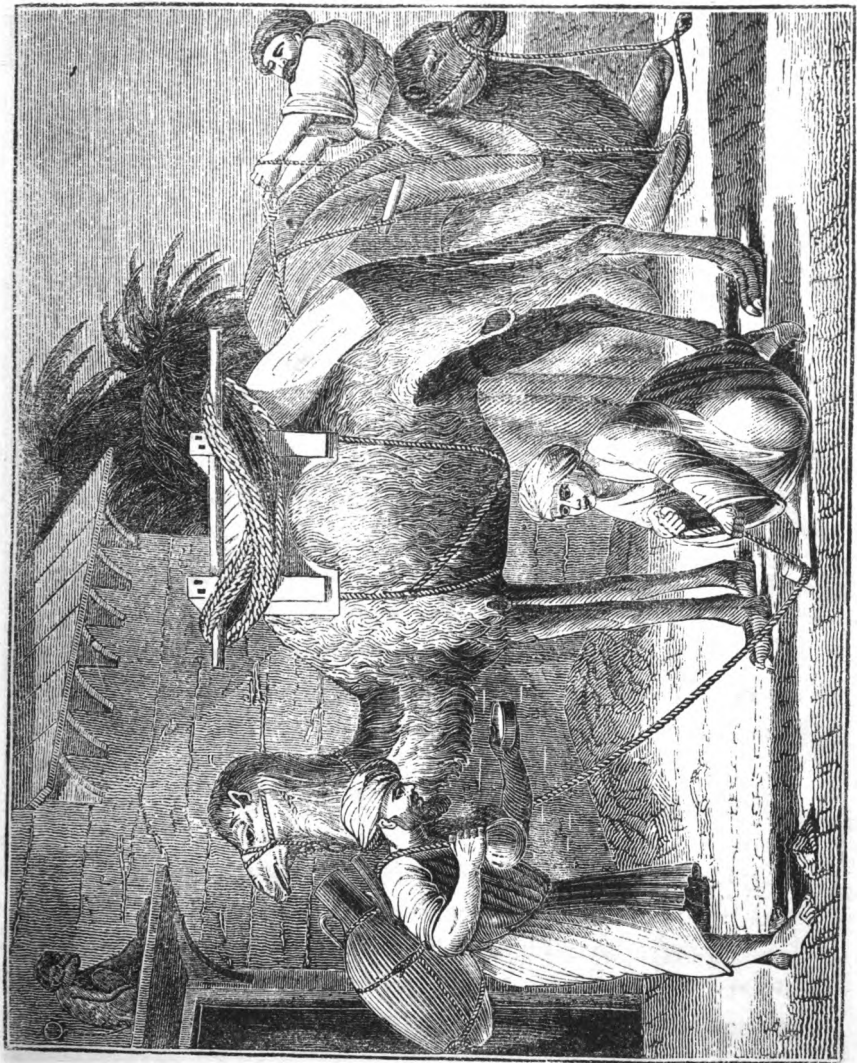


THE CAMEL.



HERE, Laura, is a curious animal, which, though large, has not an ugly temper, and is very useful to men. He has a great many good qualities, which would make us love him, if we lived where he lives ; but that we do not." So said sister Mary, as she turned to the picture of a Camel, which Laura had chosen for the subject of their evening's story. Laura was pleased with this *character* of the animal before her, and she did not dislike its *appearance*. "But, Mary," she exclaimed, "in what country does the Camel live, where he is so useful ? I think I have heard something about Camels, but I cannot remember *what*, nor where I have read or heard of them."

"Camels," replied Mary, "live in many parts of Africa, which you will know something of, by and by, when you learn geography ; but I believe they are principally found about Egypt, and in Arabia, which, though not in Africa, is very close to it. You may have heard something about



THE CAMEL.

them in the Bible ; for Abraham had Camels, and when he sent his servants to seek for a wife for his son Isaac, the servant took some Camels with him ; and you may remember that he prayed that God would show him who would make the best wife for his master's son, by making *that* young woman offer to draw water for his *Camels* as well as for himself, which you know Rebekah did."

"That was very kind of her," observed Laura. "But why did not the Camels drink out of the water at once if they wished it, without waiting for her to draw it for them?"

"Because they could not," replied Mary. "In the country where Rebekah lived, there were, I believe, no ponds, and no rivers. Water could be had only from wells, where it was to be found deep down in the ground, by digging for it. And when persons wanted to drink, or to have water for their poor animals to drink, they took a rope and tied it to a great pitcher, and then let down the pitcher into the deep well, and when it was full, pulled it up again by the rope, and poured it out into a trough for the thirsty animals to drink. This was what Rebekah did for the Camels which came with Abraham's servant."

"Oh, I understand you," said Laura ; "but now, Mary, tell me about these Camels."

"Well, then," said Mary, "I have heard that the Arabs, and the people of the country where the Camels live, find them the most valuable part of their property. There are many fine things to be had in these countries, for which the people of other nations go to Arabia, from distant parts of

the world, to trade with them—such as gold, and ivory, and feathers, and I do not know how many fine things besides; but none of these things are so useful to the Arabs as their good Camels. They ride upon them, they place heavy loads upon their backs, which the poor patient creatures kneel down to receive; they drink milk from them, as we do from cows; they eat their flesh when they are killed; and they use their soft hair or wool to make their clothes.”

“But have they no horses, or cows, or sheep, for all these purposes, which would do as well as Camels?” said Laura, who thought as any other little girl might think, that, as she had never seen Camels used, people might do very well without such animals.

“Perhaps they have all those animals,” said Mary; “but I must inform you that if they have, horses, cows, and sheep could not live in Arabia, and in the burning sands of Africa so well, and so easily, as the Camels do; and few other animals could work so hard in such a country.

“The Arabs have very fine horses, indeed, but they require to be used very tenderly, and to be fed well; and after all they could not work like the Camel. This creature is made to carry loads upon its back as soon as it can walk; and often when it has done its day’s work it is obliged to lie down to rest, without having the heavy load taken from its weary shoulders; all which it bears very patiently, if its master is not cruel enough to make it work *beyond* its strength. If he does this, even the patient

Camel will be angry, and will try to punish the man who is so cruel.

“But besides his working so hard, the Camel has one very useful quality, which is, that he will eat any thing that he can pick up from the rough ground, and be satisfied with such food as thistles and other weeds, which horses would not touch; for horses in Arabia are treated with the best food their masters can give them, and are fondled by the family, as if they were fellow-creatures. In return for this kindness and care, the horse shows much attachment to his master, and carries him swiftly on his back; but I believe he is not made to carry any load.

“Now the Arabs live in a country where food for animals is scarce, and Camels can go much longer without eating or drinking than horses can, or indeed any other animal. Much of the country where Camels live, is of the same kind with the Great Desert, where I told you the lions are chiefly found. The ground there is covered with hot, dry sand, which, as the wind blows over it, mixes with the air, so that people can hardly breathe for it; but the Camels will bear travelling across it where there is no grass, nor even weeds to be seen, nor water to be found, day after day, for a long time together, carrying on their strong backs loads of goods which their master wishes to have taken to another place: or they will carry their master, and food and water for themselves and their owner, to supply them all the time of their journey. The feet of the Camel are so made, that the hot, dry sand does not

hurt them as it does a horse. Do you know *why* this is, Laura?"

"No, indeed, Mary."

"Why, papa says," continued Mary, "that God has made all His creatures quite fit for the homes in which He has placed them. Now, the Camel's home is in sandy countries; and therefore the Camel's foot is made tough, and soft, so as to bear sand much better than the feet of other creatures. It never cracks with the sharp sand, as the feet of horses do. Camels are also provided with a curious contrivance to prevent them from suffering from the want of water. This is to fit them to live the better in the deserts. I do not exactly understand *how* this is, but I have read that a Camel, when he comes to water, will drink a great deal more than he wants at the time, because there is a sort of *bag* in his stomach, in which this water may be kept separate for his future use. When he is very thirsty, he has some means or sucking up the water from this bag; and by this means, where other creatures would perish from thirst, the Camel has a supply of water, which, perhaps, he drank a week before."

"What a *very* odd thing this is!" said Laura, laughing, "though it must be a very good contrivance for the Camels, if they cannot find any thing to drink besides."

"It is not only a very good thing for the *Camels*," answered Mary, "but a very good thing for men also, as you shall hear, if you do not mind rather a dismal story."

"It happened once that there was a great number of men who were obliged to take a long journey across this

Great Desert, and they had to take with them a great deal of merchandise; I mean things to sell to the people who lived at the place to which they were going, and which had been either found or made at the place from which they came. I cannot tell you how many men there were in the party, but they were obliged to have a great many Camels to carry them and all their merchandise. They set out on their journey, after having fed their Camels well, and packed up as much food and water for them as they could carry. For some days they went on very well, the Camels trotting, or rather walking on steadily, though not very fast; and the men thinking that they should have a good journey and make much money by selling their merchandise, and return in safety to their own homes. But after some time they lost sight of trees and bushes, and even of grass and weeds, and there was no water to be met with. Still these men, who were used to travelling in this uncomfortable country, went on their way, without much caring for it. They had food enough for themselves to eat for some weeks, and they also had some water left, though but a small supply. This they carried in large leathern sacks or *bottles*, on the backs of their Camels; and it lasted them very tolerably for nine or ten days; they were hoping very soon to come to some place where water was to be found. But all the water in their leathern bottles was spent, and still they had not come to the expected place for filling them again. As they went along, they several times thought that they saw water at a distance, for they observed places on which the hot sun shone strongly, and

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which seemed to glisten with the bright beams just as water does. You may suppose how glad they were to see this; but their joy was short, and only made them more disappointed afterwards; for when they came close to what *seemed* to be water, they found that it was nothing but some appearance over the hot, shining sand which had thus deceived them; and though they had often been cheated in this way before, while travelling across the desert, yet now they were beginning to be so much distressed for water, that they could not help hoping that what they now saw really was water; so these poor travellers were the more vexed at finding themselves thus again deceived. They all now began to suffer sadly. They were tired; they were hungry; but, above all, they were almost choked with thirst. The sand blew about, and got into their mouths and noses, so that they were hardly able to breathe. Still they saw nothing of the place to which they were going; no houses, no trees to shade them, nobody to relieve them; nothing was to be seen but sand all over the ground, and the burning sun in a clear, cloudless sky over their heads; except, indeed, they now and then met with the bones of Camels and of men, who had died in the same dismal path before; and this made them more sad. They knew not how much longer they might have to travel, and yet they felt hardly able to go any further."

"Poor creatures!" said Laura, "what a very shocking state they must have been in!"

"They were, indeed," answered Mary, "but this was not the worst they had to bear; for, while they were in

this distress, a strong wind arose, and blew up the sand in such quantities that they were in danger of being quite choked. The only means they had to protect themselves from this storm of sand, which was blowing in such quantity that it seemed like to bury them all under it, was to make their camels stand all round them, taking off the loads from their backs, and placing them on the ground, so as to make a kind of low wall against the sand; and then, having made this poor shelter, to keep off the suffocating sand as well as they could, they all threw themselves on the ground with their faces towards the earth; and there they all prayed to God that He would be merciful to them, and spare their lives.

"They lay a long time in this way, while the sand came blowing over them, and their Camels, and all the fine things which they were going to sell, till they were covered with it. At last it pleased God to grant their prayers, and to cause this dreadful wind to stop blowing. Then the poor men crept out from under the drifted sand, and drew out their Camels, and their merchandise, which they again placed upon the poor creatures. They found, however, that some of their party were missing, and upon searching for them, they were found lying quite dead, under the sand, and some of their poor Camels had died too."

"Oh, dear," said Laura, who was almost ready to cry at the sad tale, "what a very melancholy end of their journey!"

"But," said Mary, "their journey was not yet at an end. They went on a little further, for they had many miles fur-

ther to travel, but they were so parched with sand, which had by this time found its way not only into their eyes, noses, and mouths, but into their very throats, that they could bear it no longer: and how do you think they procured water?"

"I cannot think, I am sure," said Laura. "Do, pray, tell me."

"Why, you know, I told you, that the Camels have a sort of bag to their stomachs, which will keep separate for a long time all the water which they drink more than sufficient for their own thirst. So these poor men, in their great distress, recollected this *store* in their Camels; and, as the only chance of saving their own lives (for they were ready to die like their poor companions), they killed two or three of their Camels, and opened the bags in which this water was kept, and they found there enough to drink, so as to relieve their dreadful thirst. They were sorry to be obliged to kill the Camels, but they thanked God for having given to these animals such means of saving themselves from death.

"After having done this, they were able to proceed a little further. They went slowly it is true, for the animals were very weary, and could go no faster. Before long, however, all at once the Camels began to look very brisk—to sniff as if they smelled something that they liked, and to move on faster; and what do you think made them do this? The men could see nothing, and smell nothing to account for it, but the poor Camels could; and they turned a little out of the way in which they had been going, still

walking faster and faster as they went on, and in about two hours afterwards, to the great joy of both the men and the Camels, they came within sight of a beautiful pool of clear water, all bubbling and rippling in the sun, as the wind blew softly over it. They were not deceived now, as they had before been, with only the *appearance* of water, but in a few minutes more, the Camels were drinking, and the men taking large draughts of the cool, clear liquid, and filling all their empty bottles besides: so that they now had enough to last them many days.

"That was a fortunate thing!" exclaimed Laura, with delight. "Now I hope they had no more trouble."

"No, I believe they went on now very well, and in a few more days they reached the town to which they were going; very happy, except when they thought of their poor friends who had died in the desert. I think they must have been very thankful to God for sending them such refreshment in the desert.

"Perhaps, till you heard this tale of the desert, you never knew what it was really to *want* water, and could hardly understand how great a blessing God bestows in sending a supply under such circumstances. Yet I think, if you consider, you may recollect something in the Bible, which shows how much people have suffered from the want of water."

"What was that, Mary?"

"Do you not remember the story mamma told us about Hagar and her child, when they were sent away from Abraham's house? They had some water and some food

to take with them, but soon, you know, the water was all spent, and then the poor child was so distressed for the want of it, that he was likely to die. His poor mother, who could not bear to see his agony, after laying him down in the shade of some bushes, went a little way off, and I suppose she thought of praying to God, for He sent His angel to comfort her, and to show her where she might find water for her poor child. Do you know, Laura, that this same child (his name was Ishmael) became the father of those very Arabs that we have been talking of, and lived in the same country where the Arabs and their Camels live now. But I have told you a very long story this evening, and I am now wanted to play, so put up your pictures for to-night."



THE LLAMA.



“WHAT sort of animal is this, Mary?” said Laura, pointing to the picture of a Llama, which she found in her book. “This is prettier than the camel, because it has not those great *lumps* on its back, but perhaps it is not so good.”

“Indeed, Laura,” said Mary, “this animal is something of the same kind as the camel, though it is very different in size and shape, and though it comes from quite a different part of the world. The Llama has been called the camel of *South America*. I hardly know how to make you understand where that is, because you have not yet learned geography; but I hope you will soon be able to tell, by looking at a map, where Africa is, which is the camel’s country, and where South America is, which is the Llama’s country.”

“Well, now tell me about them, Mary; for I wish to know what sort of creatures they are, though I do not think them pretty, nor very ugly either.”

“I will tell you all I know of them, and I have heard a

good deal about them from Clement Grey, when first he came home from South America. Do you know, two of these creatures came home in the very same ship with him, and he used to see them every day! They are not savage creatures, nor shy, when once they have been accustomed to live with men, and taught to work for them, which Llamas do just as the camels work for the Arabs and the persons who live near the Desert. But as Llamas are neither so large nor so strong as camels, they cannot, of course, carry such heavy loads. When they have not been taught to work, they are very shy, and when they see a man, will run away very fast—faster than men can follow them; for they live in a mountainous country, where it is not easy for men to run at all, the hills being so very steep, and the ground so rough.”

“Then how is it that men catch them?”

“I am not sure that all Llamas are caught in the same manner,” said Mary; “but I have heard that some are caught by a very easy way, because the silly creatures are so easily frightened.

“There is a kind of Llama which is called *Vicuna*; it is smaller than the other Llamas, but very like them, if not quite the same kind of animal. Now I have heard that some persons went out once to catch some of these *little* Llamas, which they wanted for the sake of their nice, fine wool. This makes very beautiful soft cloth, and is very warm indeed; and their flesh also is eaten—it is like mutton; so, perhaps, they were wanted for food also. Well, the persons who were going to catch them, saw a great

many of these pretty little woolly creatures, running wildly among the mountains; and at first they tried to run after and overtake them; but they found these small Llamas were better runners than themselves, and that it was of no use at all to follow them. Yet they thought of a plan to stop their speed, and soon had as many as they wished for."

"How was that, Mary?"

"Indeed, it was an odd way. They took some long pieces of string, with a pole, or long stick fastened to each end; and they tied bits of rag, or wool, or something of that sort, every here and there along the string. They then looked for the path in the mountains where these Llamas were used to pass; and they stuck the poles into the ground on each side of this path, in such a manner that the string with the bits of rag and wool went just across the road where the Llamas were running, and about as high as their eyes."

"Well, but such a string could not *stop* them," said Laura. "They might easily creep under it."

"To be sure they might," answered Mary. "But I told you that they were so silly as to be easily frightened; and so it happened that great numbers of them came running up as fast as possible along the path, and as soon as they saw the string with the rags fluttering in the wind; they were so terrified, that instead of trying whether they could creep under or not, they all stood still, huddling together in a crowd. And what do you think happened? Why, the people who were hunting them, and had placed these strings in their way, now came closer; and while the silly

Llamas were standing still, frightening themselves with a parcel of rags which could not possibly hurt them, the men came and killed them without any difficulty. Were not these Llamas silly, Laura?"

"Yes, I think they were as silly as the little boy that mamma told us of, who ran into a pond and was drowned, because a goose was running hissing after him," answered Laura, laughing. "But, Mary, are the Llamas good-natured creatures?"

"I am not sure of that, Laura," said Mary. "They are not *fierce* if they are not offended, and I believe they never offer to hurt any body; but sometimes they are angry if any one attacks them, and *then* they will try hard to bite. But they have the oddest way of showing their anger you ever heard of."

"What can that be?" said Laura.

"Why, they spit at the person who offends them. Is not that very rude and very dirty of them? And what makes it worse, the water which they spit is said to be rather poisonous, so that it raises a blister upon the skin. But Clement says that this is not true; at least, that he never knew any one hurt by it; though he has often seen the Llamas spit in this way at the men, as they were running about the ship where he was."

"What a very disagreeable trick," said Laura; "and what dirty creatures they must be to behave so! I am sure I should not like these things at all, if all Llamas show their anger in such an unpleasant manner."

"But you must remember, Laura, that these poor Lla-

mas know no better, and that this is the only way they have of defending themselves. Besides, they do not do so, unless any one is ill-natured to them, which you would never be, and, therefore, they would not spit at you."

"Well, I am not at all likely to go near them," said Laura, "though they *may* be very good creatures. But have Llamas the same odd bag in their stomachs to keep water in, which the real camels have?"

"I am not sure about this," said Mary; "but they can go without drinking for four or five days together, so it is very likely they have something of the same kind to provide a supply for them. And they bear fatigue very well, and travel four or five days together without expecting any rest: but *then* they become completely tired, and lie down to sleep for a long time, without waiting to have the loads taken from their backs. Yet so gently do they lie down, folding up their legs like a camel, that they do not disturb the packages which they have to carry. And do you know, Laura, what these packages chiefly are? They are loads of gold and silver! The place where these animals are found, and where they are employed, as I tell you, is called *Peru*; and there, among the high mountains which are seen for a great many miles along the country, are very fine gold and silver mines. In these mines a great many poor men spend their whole lives in digging and preparing the gold and silver; and when the metal is ready to be used, it is sent on the backs of these Llamas to the sea-side, where there are ships ready to take it in, and bring it away to other countries. A great deal of it comes to this

country, to make our money, and our spoons, and candlesticks, and a great many other things which we use."

"Were the Llamas that came home in the ship with Clement Grey, bringing silver and gold to make us money?" asked Laura.

"No, Laura, they were not bringing it all the way. They only carried it down from the mountains to the sea-side. When they reached the sea, the gold and silver was taken off, safely packed up, and put into the ships, and the poor animals had not to carry it any longer. These metals are very heavy, and the Llamas would have died with carrying such a weight, so great a distance. Peru is a very, very long way off, as you will see when you learn the places on the map, and then you will see how far it is, even for a ship to go."

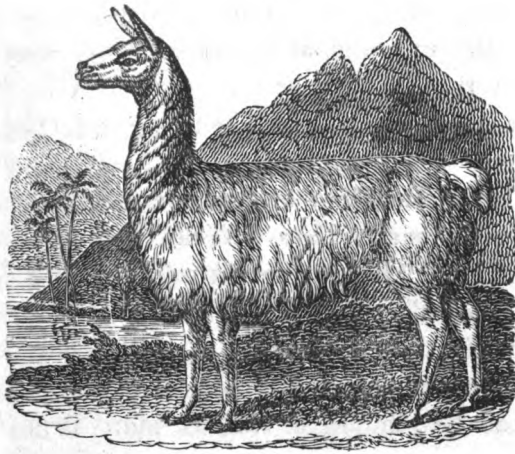
"But why did the Llamas come all this long way, if they were not wanted to carry the gold and silver?"

"They came all this way, that people might see them. I do not know where these two Llamas were taken to, when the ship arrived, but perhaps they may be now to be seen here. And, if they are, should not you like to see them, and their little Llama that was born in the ship?"

"Yes, if they would not spit at me; and I should certainly like to see the little *baby* Llama. What do they eat? I should like to feed them, if I knew what they liked."

"They fed on *plantain* leaves while they were in the ship; but perhaps they will eat grass or any other vegetable, now that they are come to our country, where I believe

there are no plantains growing. Poor creatures! It must seem very strange to them to be away from their own mountains, where they can run about as they like, and find what they please to eat, and now to be shut up in a small room, where they cannot run about at all, and where, perhaps, they have not the food which they at all like. In their own country it hardly ever rains, and they do not know what to do in rainy weather; but they must bear rain, and snow too, if they were to have their liberty here."



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THE DEER.



“I BELIEVE I must next tell you about this pretty creature,” said Mary, turning to a picture of a Deer, “because I have heard Clement relate a story of one, which he met with in the same ship that brought home the llamas. You have seen Deer in parks, as I dare say you remember.”

“What! those pretty brown animals, with odd-shaped horns, that papa showed me when we were travelling last week?”

“Yes, they were Deer; or, perhaps, you may have heard them called *Bucks* and *Does*. Well, these animals live in many countries. There are great numbers of Deer in California. Clement’s ship was there, and the officers contrived to catch three or four of them, intending to bring them home in the ship with them, that they might show their friends how much the Californian Deer were like those we have here.

“They kept these Deer a short time before they took them into the ship; I suppose because they wished the poor things to become a little tame, and that they might be used to be fed by men, before they were put into a ship,



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where they could find no grass or branches to feed themselves. But perhaps these poor, wild Deer did not feel at all happy in the place where they were kept, or perhaps they quarreled and hurt each other. I cannot tell you exactly how it happened, but do you know, all the poor things died except one, a pretty little Doe; and that one became so tame, that it would do whatever it was taught, just as a dog will."

"Poor thing!" said Laura; "but what a pity that the rest did not live; I should have been much vexed if they had been mine."

"It was a pity, Laura, and the gentlemen to whom the Deer belonged were as much vexed as you would have been; and the poor little Doe that was left alive, was still more vexed than they were, and at first she pined sadly for her companions.

"Shortly afterwards, however, the little Doe was taken into the ship, and there she was put into a sort of cage, which was made on purpose for her to live in; but she was so gentle and so tame, that she was suffered, very often, to run about the ship just as she liked. They called her Cora, and she would play with the people on board, whenever they liked to play with her?"

"How do Deer play?"

"Oh, Cora, I am told, would jump like a young lamb, and fondly rub her head against the sailors, as a cat does, and sometimes in play, if no body was noticing her, she would call their attention by jumping up on her hind-legs, and with her fore-paw pat them on the shoulder."

"I don't think I should like such a playfellow at all," said Laura, "for she might scratch me with her little, sharp, hard feet."

"That is very true," said Mary; "and even this good, tame little Deer, though she was so gentle, did not always behave well, but showed that wild animals are not safe playfellows. She was, in general, very quiet and harmless; but it happened that she had a great dislike to children. I suppose she had sometimes been teased by children; or perhaps she was jealous of their being more noticed than herself. Many dogs which have been petted, will dislike children for this reason; but I cannot tell you what made this little Californian Deer do so. One day, just before the ship sailed from a port where it had been staying some time, while little Cora was trotting about loose, out of her cage, a woman, with a baby in her arms, came into the ship, and, I suppose, she went near to the Deer, to show it to her baby. But while she was standing there, naughty Cora put herself into a great rage, and, without being at all in *play*, she ran at the woman, jumped up, and struck the poor baby such a violent blow with one of those same little, sharp, hard feet that you speak of, as made blood gush out.

"The mother seems to have been a silly woman, and did nothing but scream, when she saw that her child was hurt: or perhaps she could not help it, for Clement says that she fainted; that is, she turned very pale, and cold, and stiff, as if she was dead, and really *could* not move."

"Oh, the poor little baby!" said Laura. "Did Cora kill it, then?"

"No, the baby was saved; but Cora certainly would have killed it, had it not been for the quickness and good-nature of one of the officers. He saw the danger of the poor child, and the helpless state of the mother, and he ran towards them immediately, and caught the child in his arms, before the Deer was able to strike it again. So the poor baby had the blood stopped, and was not much hurt. The mother soon recovered from her fright, when she found that her child was safe; and Miss Cora, I dare say, was beaten, and scolded, and taught better manners for the future; for I never heard of her being so naughty afterwards; but I suppose no child was allowed to go near her, after she had shown how little she loved children, and what a dangerous animal she was to *them*."

"And what became of this naughty Cora?"

"Ah, poor Cora! she remained in the ship as well, and as happy, as a wild animal could be, that was now a close prisoner. All on board were very fond of her, and she was very fond of them, and ate her food from their hands, whenever they offered it to her. But after they had sailed a long way towards home, a sad accident happened to her, which prevented poor Miss Cora from ever trying how she should like to live in this country.

"Some part of the ship wanted painting; and the captain had some green paint mixed for the purpose. The jar in which the paint was mixed, happened to stand in Cora's way, and perhaps the poor creature mistook it for some food

intended for her to eat, or she may have liked to taste what it was. Certainly she did eat some of this green paint; and by and by poor Cora looked very ill. She would not play, nor eat, nor come when she was called. No one at first knew what was the matter with their pretty, playful Cora; but soon she seemed to be in very great pain, and moaned in her way. They were all sorry to see her suffer, but they knew not how to help her, and at last the poor thing died."

"Oh! I am sorry for that. Poor little Cora! I had rather have had her live than those nasty spitting llamas, that came in the ship with her. But perhaps she would not have been happy if she had come safe, without some of her own friends; and they, you say, had all died in the country where Cora came from."

"I have nothing more to tell you about Cora. There are, however, other Deer in the world, and you may hear about them, for you have seen them, and know more about their appearance, though not much, certainly.

"The English Deer, which live in parks, are called Fallow Deer. They are in large numbers, where there is plenty of grass and trees for them, (for they eat the young branches of trees,) and where there are not many men or dogs to disturb them; for they are very timid creatures, and are much afraid of men and dogs. Indeed they have good reason, for many are shot by men for the sake of their flesh, which is called venison: a kind of meat that many people are extremely fond of, but I can tell you, for my part, that I do not think it much better than mutton, and

sometimes not quite so good. The Deer, perhaps, might not run away from men, if they had never seen their companions killed: for before the time of year that people begin to shoot them, they are not nearly so shy, as they become afterwards. When, however, the season for killing has begun, they will run bounding away if they see any one; for then they have reason to know what a *gun* is, and what mischief it will do among them."

"And what time of year is this?"

"Those deer which have horns, and which are called the *Bucks*, are killed in the Summer, generally about the beginning of July; and this *season* for killing them lasts for several weeks. The *Does*, which are those without horns, are killed in December. The men who have the care of them in gentlemen's parks, and who are called keepers, know out of all the *herd* of Deer, which are proper to be killed; and they will follow the one which is marked as fit, for a long time, while he is scampering away, as fast as his poor legs will carry him.

"When the Deer have been followed for some time, the rest of the herd will find out that the keepers are only following *one* among them, and they will also find out *which* is the one thus pursued. I have been told that all the rest will then try to keep out of the way of this poor hunted Deer, and leave him to be killed. This may appear very unkind in them, but it is natural that they should try to save themselves, and they have not, you know, been taught, as we have, that it is a duty to help those that are in danger; indeed, if they wished to do so, it would be of

no use, for what could a parcel of poor little helpless Deer do, against a set of men on horseback, and with guns in their hands? However, they do not try, but race away to the more distant parts of the park, while the keepers soon put an end to the race of the one which they are going to shoot; one man standing, with his loaded gun, behind a tree, while the others drive the poor frightened creature near enough for him to take proper aim at it.

“Sometimes Deer are taken in another way, and at another time of year.

“Some years ago, I was staying at a house close to a fine park, and as I was sitting at the window one day, I saw a large herd of Deer run past, almost close to the house, just under the window. They ran as if they were pursued. Presently after I saw four or five men riding up a hill, which was to the right, with several dogs, and they all followed the Deer, that by this time were gone nearly out of sight. The men and dogs were soon out of sight also. While I stood at the window watching, I heard a great barking, and shouting, as of men calling to one another when nearly out of breath. Presently I spied one poor Buck coming back again, and running as if he was very tired indeed: the dogs were close following, and the men on horseback after them. Now, I thought, poor fellow! you will certainly be taken. But the fine animal was not so safe in their hands as they thought.

“There was, at the bottom of the green slope, near which the Deer was running, a very fine large pool of water; and just as the dogs overtook him, and while he was toss-

ing about his head to the right and to the left, as if to keep off his enemies with his fine branching horns, he gained the water's edge, and at once plunged into the water, as boldly as old Triton does."

"Ah, poor fellow! then was he drowned?"

"No, he could swim as well as Triton; and while the dogs stood, looking quite cheated by his going out of their reach, he paddled away as proudly, with his fine head held above the water, as if he was enjoying the coolness of the water after his long run, and also the sly trick which he had played his enemies.

"When the men who were pursuing him saw what he had done, they stopped a while, and then galloped off to the other side of the water, thinking, I suppose, to have him when he gained the opposite bank. But he was too cunning for them, and had better plans for his safety than to run to a spot where the men could so easily catch him.

"In the middle of the pool, or *lake*, as it was called, there was a small piece of ground that formed an *island*; that is, it had the water all the way round it. Now, to this island the old fellow swam; and there nothing was likely to disturb him; for there was no living thing in the island, but some swans that used to be kept there, and they would not mind him, if he did not disturb an old mother-swan that was there with a young family of cygnets.

"Well, there he stood and took breath comfortably, for, poor creature, he was panting terribly with running so far, in such alarm, and it seemed no little fatigue for him to-

swim through the water. But when his four legs stood firmly upon the grass in the island, and the thick bushes waved over his head, he had nothing to fear, and appeared to laugh at the men and the dogs as if he were *quite* safe. However, he was not so safe as he thought himself, for while some of the men rode round to the other side, the principal keeper, who was too well acquainted with the tricks of Deer to be deceived, rode down to a little cottage which was at the edge of the lake, where the boatman lived; and soon after he got there, I saw a man in a boat come rowing towards the island where the poor Deer thought himself so safe from further pursuit. Now all his fun was at an end, for he had enemies every where. When the boat touched the island, he again plunged into the water on the other side, and immediately the boatman followed him. The boat went faster than he could, and soon came up with the weary Buck. The man now threw out a rope, at the end of which was a slip knot, and he contrived to throw this so as to catch the poor Deer by the horns. The Deer struggled hard to free himself, but it was of no use; he could not release his branching horns from the knot, and he could not break the rope. The man was stronger than the Deer, and dragged the poor creature through the water, to the opposite side, where the other men were waiting for him."

"And did they kill him, Mary, after he had fought so bravely for his life? Poor thing! I am sure I could not have had the heart to hurt him."

"Nor I, Laura; nor did the men, it seems, want to kill

him. This Deer was intended to be *fatted*, and not to be killed directly, for it was not then the venison season. I went out with some other friends to see him, and I remember that as soon as he came to land, they took a saw, and sawed off his fine horns, which would have been very much in his way in the stable or shed where he was to be fed; and then they put him into a covered cart, so made that he could not jump out. I saw the poor thing in the cart; it was trembling sadly, and seemed as if it was very giddy. I dare say the sawing its horns off must have made it tremble, though I was told it did not hurt him; and perhaps he felt giddy from having the weight of his horns suddenly taken off. Poor fellow! I saw no more of him, for the cart soon moved off, and the men and dogs went home again, and the park, that had just now been such a busy place, and so noisy with men, and dogs, and horses, was left as quiet and silent as usual, with no noise but the bleating of sheep at a distance, and the cooing of wood-pigeons in the thick shady trees. I fear the poor Buck was killed at last, but that I cannot positively say."

Laura had listened to this story of one Deer, till she fancied she loved him better than all others of his kind, and she could not forget him when Mary ceased her account.

"Poor Deer!" she sighed; "if I were a man I would not have any of these pretty creatures killed, but would keep them to be tame, like pretty Cora. How much more pleasure that would be, and to see them playing happily, than to *eat* them. Sheep do just as well to eat."

"But, dear Laura," answered Mary, "what have the

poor sheep done, that they must be killed more than the Deer? You forget that it is necessary to kill animals for food, and there is no more *cruelty* in killing *Deer*, than sheep, or cows, or fowls, or fifty other things that we live upon. As to keeping them to be *tame*, I do assure you they are very troublesome pets, and very mischievous. I once knew a pretty tame Doe that was kept for a long time at a gentleman's house. They had taken care of her from a Fawn—(I must tell you that young Deer are called *Fawns*.) She was a great favourite, and knew all the family well, and would come trotting up to any of them, if they did but call *Nancy*, and would eat out of their hands; certainly she had no fears that they would hurt her. She grew very friendly also with the dogs, which used to play about the house and gardens, and *Nancy* would play with them out of doors, to the great amusement of her master and mistress, and of the children also. But she was not always so gentle and playful; she would take dislike to particular persons, and never failed to play them sly tricks when she could, without their seeing her."

"Why, what would she do?"

"Oh, sometimes try to *bite*; sometimes run her head up against them, so as to hit a hard blow; so that persons who were not favourites of hers, were almost afraid of Miss Nancy, though I never heard of her really *hurting* any one. Then she was a sad gardener, and would take a fancy for the prettiest rose-buds, nibbling at them in spite of the thorns, and spoiling the bushes that promised to be the most full of blossoms.

"This was a constant complaint against her, and it was the more vexatious, because she had plenty of other food—the sweetest grass that any Deer could wish for; plenty of nice fresh hay always placed for her; and it was seldom that any of the family went into the paddock where she was generally kept, without a handful of green food, of some kind, for Nancy. Yet all this plenty would not keep her from nibbling the rose-buds, whenever she could get at them, by stretching her long neck over the garden palings. At last she fell into sad disgrace with the laundry-maid, and, indeed, with her mistress too; for one day, a fine worked frock, belonging to one of the children, had been washed, and happened to have been hung where Nancy could reach it. You would not think, Laura, that a tame Doe would have any thing to do with a muslin frock; and I do not know that Nancy had any fondness for finery among her faults, or any intention of dressing herself in the child's frock; but certain it is that she pulled it down on the ground, and with her sharp little feet, and her nibbling teeth, set to work upon it so busily, that by the time the laundry-maid came out to see whether it was dry, there was little of the frock left. Nancy had torn it into fifty pieces, and work, and muslin, and lace, lay scattered about in what the poor young woman thought a *dismal plight*, though little mischievous Nancy seemed to consider it very good fun."

"What a very naughty creature! What could she have done so for?" said Laura.

"Because she knew no better. Perhaps she had not

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thought at all of the frock, but might have caught hold of it by *accident*, while trying to get at the shrub on which it had been carelessly hung; and when once her feet, or her mouth, had taken hold of it, in mere playfulness she probably pulled it to pieces, little thinking of the mischief she was doing. I do not know whether Nancy was sent away after this, but she was not so great a favourite afterwards. Yet we must remember that she was not so *naughty* as you think, but, being a wild creature, she only showed that she was not quite a safe *pet*.

“To-morrow, if you like, I will tell you about this next picture, which is a Deer of quite a different kind, that I think you will like to hear of; but now I must wish you good-night.”



THE REIN-DEER.



“NOW, then, Mary,” said Laura, as soon as she had placed her chair by her sister’s side, and had put the picture-book into her hands, “now then for the story of the Rein-deer, which you promised me for this evening.”

“I will tell you all that I know about the Rein-deer, Laura,” replied Mary, affectionately, “but I am thinking that you know nothing of the country where this animal lives, and without understanding what kind of place *that* is, you can hardly understand what a useful creature he is. You recollect when I told you about the camel, I was obliged to explain to you the sort of country in which he lived, the hot and sandy desert, and Arabia, which I showed you on the map.”

“Oh yes, I remember all about that very well. The Rein-deer, I suppose, live near that place.”

“No, indeed, they live in as different a place as you can easily imagine; they live in a very *cold* country, called Lapland. It is not at all near Arabia; and these Rein-deer are as useful to the *Laplanders*, (that is, the people

who live in Lapland,) as the camel is to the inhabitants of the Desert.

“Now you will remember that this Lapland is a very cold country. Oh, *so* cold, Laura, that the ground is covered with snow for many months together, and for nearly two months in the Winter the sun never rises at all; so that it would be *quite* dark if it were not for the moon and the stars, which are very bright there, and another kind of light called the *Aurora Borealis*, which I cannot explain to you at present, but which God has made to shine in these dark northern countries. But only think how strange it must be, and how dismal, to have no *day* for two months! Yet the people who live in this cold dismal Lapland are very happy, though I have heard that they could hardly live at all, if it were not for the Rein-deer. God has given the Laplanders as great a blessing in their Rein-deer, as he has given to the people of Africa in their camels.

“The Laplanders use Rein-deer as we would use horses, to draw them from place to place; I do not think that they ever *ride* upon them, or place loads upon their backs; for you will see, if you look at the picture, and observe what very long horns they have, stretching nearly all over their backs, that they would be rather awkward animals to put a saddle on; however, they are harnessed and fastened to the *sledges* of that country, and then they *draw* very cleverly.”

“What are sledges, Mary?”

“A sort of carriage, shaped something like a *boat*, I believe; and instead of having wheels to turn round, and run along the roads, the sledge is made of the skin of a

Rein-deer, with the hair outside, and quite flat on the ground, so that as the animal runs on, it slides along the frozen snow very quickly, because the Rein-deer that is harnessed to it is very strong. He will try all he can to do as his driver directs him, which I have heard is done, not as our coachmen direct their horses, with reins and a whip, but by speaking, or even whispering to him. Is not that a droll way of driving? The driver is generally very fond of the animal, and very good to him; taking care of him and his family, when they cannot take care of themselves, and keeping him well during the cold, dark Winter. Indeed, where there is no proper food for these Deer left, where the Laplander is living, he will, for a few months, move to another place, where he may find better pasture for them. But the Deer are hardy creatures, and will be satisfied with eating what horses could not; a sort of coarse moss is their chief food; it grows in abundance in Lapland, and in the Winter months, when it is covered with snow, they will dig through the snow to find it."

"Dig! Who ever heard before of an animal digging?" said Laura.

"I do not mean that they dig with a spade, Laura, as you do," replied Mary, laughing at her mistake; "but that they will push the snow aside with their feet, or, when the snow is very deep, will drive their strong horns into it, and turn it over, till they have come to the ground, and can get at the moss, which grows there thickly.

"When these creatures are on a journey, they will run for above twenty miles together, without stopping to rest,

and will even run till they are ready to drop, and die of fatigue, if their masters urge them to go on. But this would be cruel. Some Rein-deer are apt to be ill-tempered, and, instead of trotting on briskly, and dragging the sledge after them, with their master in it, they will turn round to attack their master. In this case the man is in great danger from the animal, who is very strong, and whose great horns are very uncomfortable things to have to do with. Whenever this happens, what do you think the driver must do to defend himself?"

"Whip the Rein-deer with his long whip, I suppose," said Laura.

"No, that would be of little use. The only way is for him to jump out of his sledge, and cover himself with it. Then the furious creature will attack the sledge, and perhaps tear it to pieces: but meanwhile the man has time to escape.

"There are two kinds of Rein-deer, the *wild*, and the *tame*. It is only the wild kind that will behave so ill, for the tame ones are very gentle indeed; but then they are not so strong for running in harness as the wild kind are. They are chiefly kept as we keep cows, for the sake of their milk, which is a very useful article of food for the Laplanders, who understand how to make butter and cheese, and many other good things, from their Rein-deer, as well as our dairy-maids do to manage cows' milk. And as Lapland is a country which does not furnish plenty of support, they are very glad indeed of this useful milk, and they

take the greatest care of the poor animals who supply them with it.

“ Besides their *milk*, however, the Rein-deer supply the Laplanders with many other good things. Their flesh is eaten for meat ; their skins are used for clothing—for you must know, Laura, the people of Lapland do not wear such clothes as are worn in our country. The cold there makes it necessary for them to wrap themselves up very warm ; and they find the skins of the Rein-deer make a very comfortable kind of dress. Even the women and children, instead of muslin gowns and frocks, such as we have, wear jackets and petticoats made of skins ! I cannot tell you *how* they are made, but I think it must make them look strange figures. Yet, for all this, the Lapland ladies are fond of being fine, in their way ; though it must be odd sort of finery that they can put over a leather dress.

“ Of their Rein-deer they also make bow-strings. Perhaps you do not know what I mean by this, but you have seen Edwin shoot with his bow and arrows ; and know that his bow is bent as it is, by means of a string fastened from one end to the other. Now this string the Laplanders do not make of such materials as we use, nor of such string as we have for tying parcels ; they take some part of the sinews of their Deer for this purpose, being very strong and tough. Of these sinews they also make their thread for working. Is not this strange ? It must be clumsy work that the Lapland girls and ladies can do with such thread as this ; but I suppose they cannot buy such nice neat reels, or balls of cotton for sewing, as mamma gave you in

your pretty new work-box: and if they could buy such, I do not know that it would be of much use to them, for as they do not wear any thing but leather, I fancy there is not much neat needlework wanted in Lapland."

"Mary, I should not like to be a Lapland girl," said Laura, laughing at the odd figures which she thought these people must make, in such uncommon dresses; "I should not like a leather frock at all; and I am sure I should not like living in such a cold country. As to their thread, I should not much mind that, if there was not much work to be done; but I wonder any body can like such a dismal place as it must be."

"And yet, Laura, they who do live there, think it the happiest place in the world. The good God has made them love it, and He has given them all that they really want to make them comfortable in it. And though we might think it dismal because we are used to our own country, the Laplanders, who never even thought about half the things which we consider necessary, are quite satisfied with the comforts God has given them; and if they have but Rein-deer enough, they think themselves rich and happy."

"But the *cold*, Mary, and their dark, dismal winter,—how do they bear *that*?"

"Oh, they do very well, even in their dark, dismal winter. They have warm houses, and they spend much of their time in sleeping, so that they make their dark days very short. Then you must remember, that though the sun never rises, they have light enough to go about out

of doors for what they may want, as we often do in the evening after sunset. And besides, to make them amends for their winter, they have fine hot summers, when, for nearly three months, the sun never *sets*. At this time they have no night at all. And then they have fruit, of some kind, getting ripe; and corn coming up for their harvest; and flowers blowing to make their gardens gay. Some writers say that they have roses, finer, perhaps, than ours. But I have heard this doubted; so I will not tell you that the Lapland gardens contain these sweetest and prettiest of all flowers.

“You may be sure, Laura, that people may be happy in any country, or any situation, where it pleases God to place them, and happy, too, in any condition which he thinks proper for them, if they will but try, and if they do their duty. The Laplanders, I have read, are not only a very happy set of beings, but very thankful and contented.”

“Do the Rein-deer live nowhere but in Lapland?”

“Oh yes; they are found in nearly all the cold northern countries—in Norway, in Siberia, and in Greenland. They do not love warm countries, and I suppose they could not live there. Even in Lapland, during summer-time, they feel very uncomfortable; the heat makes them so weak, that they lie lounging about, just as you and Edwin sometimes do in a hot summer’s day. There is another trait in the Rein-deer, which I forgot to mention; they are endowed with such an exquisite sense of smelling, that they can readily distinguish when strangers are near, and they

are easily alarmed, so that travellers visiting the Laplanders at the time when the deer were driven in, have been obliged to retire before the deer could be brought into the fold. But now we must finish our talk about the Reindeer; only do not forget what I have told you of him, and try to remember the *name* of his country, and, still more, recollect the *kind of place* which it is. Now, then, good-night, dear girl."



THE FOX.



“WHAT do you think of this cunning animal, Laura?” said Mary, turning to the picture of the Fox, which came next in the new book. “That poor fowl,” she continued, “which you see fluttering under his feet, may tell you what kind of animal he is, and that he is ready enough to kill and eat poor little things that are not able to defend themselves from him. But you would not know, perhaps, if you had not been told, how very *sly* he is in catching them. Yet there are so many stories about sly Foxes, that I dare say you know his general character, as well as I can tell you, though I do not mean that we are to believe all the *Fables* in which the Fox is often described. But in plain truth he is a sad fellow, and we cannot love him.”

“Where does he live, Mary?”

“I thought you knew that the Fox lives in England, as well as in almost every other part of the world. He is a great enemy to the farmers’ wives, and will run away with their fowls and turkeys, their ducks and their geese, whenever he can find any carelessly left out at nights; but I do

not believe he is cunning enough to break open a lock, and steal those that are safely shut up in a hen-house.

“The Fox lives in the woods. He hides himself, from men, by day, in holes in the ground, which I suppose he scrapes out for himself with his feet; and in the night, when all is quiet, he creeps out of his hole, or *earth*, as it is called; and then he pays his visits to the different farm-yards in his neighbourhood; where he kills all that he can find, and either eats them himself, or carries them away to his den for his young ones; or sometimes he buries what he does not want to eat under the root of an old tree, where he can find it another time.

“Once, do you know, brother Edwin had a nice brood of ducklings, that had been reared by a very fine duck, which some gentleman had given him. Edwin was very fond of his ducklings, and used to spend much of his spare time in feeding and watching them. He was not then so tall or so wise as he is now, for it was many years ago; but he had taken a great deal of care of the young creatures, such care at least as ducks require. He fed them regularly every day, and had them safely put up every night; and they grew fast, and were much admired, and he was very proud of them.

“But one day he went out to pay a visit with papa, and it happened that they did not return for a day or two. When they came home, the first thing that Edwin did, was to run to the poultry-yard to see how his pretty ducks were. Alas! there were but few of his pretty ducks to be seen. There had, at first, been ten in his brood, and he

had left them all safe but one, which a naughty pig ate a few days before. But now only two, besides the old duck, could be found.

“Edwin was in a sad fright, and asked every body whom he met, ‘if they had seen any thing of seven of his ducks, which were missing.’ But no one could give him any news of them. No one had seen them, except the boy who looked after the rest of the poultry, and he told Edwin that he had not seen more than two since the day that he left home.

“An old man, who was weeding near the poultry-yard, now called out, ‘Why, master, ’tis of no use to look after them, for I dare say the Fox has carried them away.’

“‘But what business had he to take my ducks?’ said Edwin, who was very angry to hear the old man speak of his loss as if it was a thing that happened every day.

“‘You must ask *him* that, master,’ the old man replied, laughing, as if he thought it a joke; ‘I cannot tell you what *business* he had to do so; but I can tell you that ever since I was a boy, (and that is a long time to look back upon,) Foxes have been used to run away with ducks and chickens that were left abroad: and I can tell you that this careless young lad never locked up your ducks last night, and the Fox has certainly caught them. Look,’ he added, seeing that Edwin hardly believed him, ‘look whether you cannot find their feathers somewhere about.’

“Edwin looked all round the poultry-yard, and soon found that what the old man had told him was too true. There was the track of footsteps in the dewy grass, all

across a field which, lying close to the poultry-yard, sloped down to a deep valley ; on the opposite side of which was a small but thick wood. All along this track he saw feathers dropped, and here and there they were bloody ; he now no longer doubted that his nice young ducks had all been, indeed, carried this way, by the naughty Fox, to his hiding-place in the wood."

"Then why did not Edwin go after him, and have him destroyed ? A cruel creature, to take the poor ducks, and I dare say kill them too."

"Oh, Laura, it seems a strange thing, but yet I must tell you that people do not like to go and destroy Foxes, though they do so much mischief. Many gentlemen are very fond of hunting Foxes, and will kill a great many in *that* way, but they do not choose to have the Foxes destroyed by any *other* means, because it would spoil their hunting. So papa told Edwin, that he could not let him have the sly thief sought for, and killed, but he promised him to send word to a gentleman who keeps Fox-hounds, to ask him to bring his dogs to look after this naughty Fox."

"And did the gentleman do so?"

"Yes, indeed he did, and it was a very fine sight to see them ; but it was a long time after the ducks were stolen, and I am sure the Fox could not know that they came to punish him for his naughty tricks. It was one fine bright day in December when they came. I was at my lessons with mamma ; and papa was reading the newspaper at the other end of the room, when we heard, all at once, a very

pretty kind of music, and presently Edwin opened the door, and ran in to tell papa that *the hounds were come!* Papa desired mamma and me to put on our bonnets and come out, which we presently did; and so soon as we got down to the sunk fence, we saw such a number of dogs running all over the field! and a great many gentlemen on horse-back, riding so fast! and they looked so very gay, that you would have liked to see them as well as I. The gentlemen were dressed in scarlet coats, and some of them had droll caps upon their heads instead of hats. Then the same music which I had heard before, sounded again. Papa called it the bugle, and I thought I never heard any thing so cheerful, and never saw any thing so pretty. And do you know what all these gentlemen and dogs were about? Why they came to hunt for the Fox that stole Edwin's ducks! Was not that good-natured of them? Edwin wanted to go and show them the place where the old man thought the Fox lived; but papa said this Fox had been turned out of his hole, or den, and was hiding himself somewhere else. Well, Laura, we stood and watched them all for a good while, and papa and Edwin walked out to see them, when they went out of our sight from the garden. But we soon saw them again in another field. Now here—now there—now standing still by a hedge, and now galloping so fast that I thought they would surely break their necks; and, indeed, one of the gentlemen was thrown off his horse, but soon got on it again, as if he was not much hurt. At last we could see them no more; yet we heard the bugle sounding, now and then, for many

hours afterwards. I think they killed the naughty Fox, for he never came to Edwin's ducks again.

"The skin of a Fox is used for fur. I believe the muff which grandmamma wears is made of the skin of a Fox, and the fur is used for many purposes. But do you observe, Laura, what a fine brushy *tail* he has? that fine tail, which looks so handsome while he lives, is made useful to us after he is killed."

"Indeed! what can any body do with a Fox's tail? It is too small for a muff, and too short for a tippet."

"I did not tell you that it was used for our *dress*, Laura," answered Mary, "but for a purpose which you would not think of,—to make a *brush*, for dusting any thing that requires care. You have often seen the little brush which mamma keeps in the drawing-room, for dusting the piano-forte, and have often played with it, when you were rather younger than you are now. Well, that brush is made of a Fox's tail, or, as it is called, I suppose from the use that is made of it, a Fox's *brush*."

"Is it, *indeed*, Mary? Is that brush really made from the tail of one of these mischievous animals? What a strange thing to make a brush of! But it is a very nice soft brush, and I remember I used to like to stroke my cheek with it, a long time ago. Are all Foxes of the same colour as that brush."

"No, there are many different kinds of Foxes, and of different colours; but I believe all that live in England are of this colour, a sort of reddish brown. I once knew a tame Fox which was kept by one of our neighbours; and

when Edwin and I were about your age, we sometimes went to see it. It was kept in a box large enough to hold *you*, and there were strong iron wires all round the box instead of wood, so that it was like a cage, and we could see him on all sides. He was nearly of this colour, only, I think, darker, and more red than mamma's brush.

"But he had such a very disagreeable smell, that I did not like to look at him long. It is remarkable that *all* Foxes have this strong smell, so strong, that while walking along a road or field, any one can tell in a moment if a Fox has passed that way before, by the smell which remains when the animal is gone far away. It is just like the smell of that fine, gaudy spring-flower, the Crown-imperial. There are many Foxes in those cold countries where the snow lies on the ground so many months in the year, and there, writers say, the Fox is often almost white in winter; so that it cannot be so easily seen, nor so easily caught, as it would be if of the same colour as those in England. Papa says, that this is one way in which God takes care of weak creatures, and protects them from their stronger enemies, by making their colour very like the ground, or the tree, or the flower on which they live. Our Foxes might run along the ground without being easily seen, if men were not looking out for them; and, indeed, when they are, these animals are so cunning that they will, for a long time, find means to escape."

"But, Mary," said Laura, "is it true that Foxes eat grapes? Edward was reading some fable about that

yesterday. I thought they only ate chickens and ducks, and such creatures."

"Why, Laura, I do not think the fable which Edward was reading is true. Fables, you know, are not *supposed* to be true, and I cannot say that I ever knew of grapes being eaten by Foxes. Yet they certainly are great rogues, and will steal and eat every good thing they can find. I do not love them for carrying away Edwin's ducks, though it is their nature to do so, and they know nothing about its being wrong to steal. We must now say good-bye to the Fox, and his naughty tricks. The Fox is called a sort of *dog*, but he is not a sort I admire. To-morrow I will tell you a story of a real dog; but now you must go. Good-night."





THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

THE DOG.



“I AM not going to tell you, Laura, what sort of a creature a Dog is,” said Mary, beginning the story which she had promised the evening before; “because *you* know that, as well as I can tell you, and you are as fond of good little Phyllis, and poor old Triton, as I am. But I am going to tell you a story of something which happened a little while ago.

“Brother William went down to the brook, one day last Summer, to fish, and he took little Phyllis with him. If she had not been very well behaved, she would have been sadly in his way, while he was fishing, and therefore would have lost the pleasure of her walk with William; for a very little noise disturbs the fish, and will make them swim away from the place. But Phyllis, you know, has been taught to lie down with her head between her two forepaws, whenever William bids her, and therefore she was allowed to go with him, because he knew that she would be obedient and quiet.

“Well, he had been for some hours fishing with his fishing-rod, or, as it is called, *angling*, and poor Phyllis all

the time lying at his feet, or now and then, when he gave her leave to do so, taking a frisking run upon the grass. After some time, William saw her suddenly start, and look very earnestly at some object on the grass. He hardly took any notice of this at first, for he was watching his *float* as it moved upon the water. A float is a piece of cork, which is fastened to the fishing-line. But presently after he looked at her again, and saw her still standing as if she had been fixed to the spot, and looking so very steadfastly and eagerly, William was curious to learn what it was that she saw. He therefore took his line out of the water, and went towards Phyllis. He was now nearly as much surprised as his Dog had been; for, at a very short distance from her, he saw a poor little mouse, apparently just killed; and, to his astonishment, he observed that a young viper was coiled round and round his body.

“I believe, Laura, you never saw a viper, and therefore must tell you that it is a kind of snake, as long, perhaps, as your whole arm and hand, and sometimes, when full grown, nearly as thick as your little wrist. Its mouth is remarkably large, for the size of its body, and this mouth is furnished with very sharp teeth.

“The bite of this creature is poisonous, and will hurt any body very much indeed. The viper, however, which William now saw twisted round the poor mouse’s body, was not full grown, and therefore not more than half this size, but it had a large mouth, and the sharp teeth, and there was no doubt but that it had killed the mouse by biting it; and perhaps, also, had tried to strangle it by twisting itself

round the body, in just the same manner that the very large serpent called the boa constrictor does, which papa was reading about to us last Christmas."

"Poor little mouse," said Laura. "But what had Phyllis to do with it, or with the viper either?"

"Why, indeed, Phyllis seemed to think she had a good deal to do with it; and if she had not been a very wise little Dog, she might have been much hurt, and perhaps would have been killed by the venomous creature. I suppose she had seen the mouse, at first, without observing the viper; and you know little Phyllis will always give chase to a mouse, whenever she finds one. But when William went up to her, she was engaged in a sort of battle with the viper; trying to seize the mouse, according to her custom, she yet kept moving round it, so as, if possible, to avoid the viper's eye. But the viper, having killed the mouse, had no mind to be cheated of its prey by this new enemy, and showed every inclination to attack the Dog.

"With its tail still firmly fixed round the mouse, it kept darting its head in every direction, as quick as possible, with its mouth open, and its teeth ready to fix the poison in the wound, if it could have bitten the Dog.

"But Phyllis knew better than to trust herself within its reach, though it was so much smaller than she was, that she might have swallowed it up, in a single mouthful. She knew, however, that, small as it was, it had the power to hurt her very much; for God has taught all creatures to avoid whatever may hurt them; and therefore, though

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Phyllis looked as if she longed to punish the viper for being bold enough to attack her, yet she kept at a sufficient distance from its sharp teeth; and the viper went on, (something like the way which naughty children will do,) showing all the wish in the world to hurt Phyllis, and kill her too, if it could; but it was not able to touch the Dog, for Phyllis's sharp eye, and active step, were a match for the quickness of the viper.

"When William had watched his little favourite's clever management for some time, he took a large stone and killed the angry viper, and then brought it home to us."

"Oh, I am glad poor Phyllis was not hurt by the viper," said Laura; "but I hope there are not many of these poisonous creatures, for I should not like to meet with one when we are out walking."

"There are not a great many about here," said Mary, "but it is prudent always to look *where* you step, and particularly when you walk near sunny banks in Spring, for vipers like to lie in such places, basking in the warm sunshine. If you do not step *on* them, carelessly, they will not attack you, for they are afraid of human creatures, though they will kill a *mouse*. If you were going *near* to a viper, it would immediately glide away, as fast as possible, into its hole in the ground, where such things live.

"We may be very glad that there are not more sorts of venomous serpents in our country: the viper, I believe, is the only one that really hurts people, and it is not common to hear of accidents from them; but when they do

happen, it is not often that they prove fatal, though they are very painful, and require to be properly attended to.

"I am as glad as you, that Phyllis was not bitten, for it is very likely the bite might have killed such a little Dog. And now, Laura, my promised story is at an end. I have nothing more to tell you about Phyllis. But I will tell you one story of a Dog of a larger kind, a Newfoundland Dog. His master, in order to exhibit his intelligence to a friend with whom he was travelling, marked a piece of money, and showing it to the Dog, placed it in the road under a large stone. After they had ridden on some miles, he gave the Dog a signal to return and get the money. The Dog turned back, and the gentlemen rode on, and reached home; but, to their surprise, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the place where the money was deposited, but being unable to remove the stone, he had stayed howling at the place, until two horsemen, attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them dismounting, removed the stone at which the Dog was scratching, and seeing the shilling, put it in his pocket, not thinking it was the object of the Dog's search. The Dog followed their horses twenty miles, remained in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into their bed-chamber, and hid himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trowsers upon a nail, and when the travellers were both asleep the Dog took them in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which had been left open on account of the

heat, reached the house of his master the next morning, with his prize, in the pocket of which was found the very marked shilling, with other money and a watch, which were returned to the owner afterwards by advertising, and the mystery was unravelled to the admiration of them all."



THE HARE.



HEN Laura produced her picture book the next evening, instead of leaving her sister to choose the animal which she would talk about, Laura began to turn over the leaves very eagerly, in order to find some picture which she particularly wished to see. Many animals about which she was generally curious, were hastily passed over, without one question being asked about them, and at last she came to the one for which she had been looking. It was the picture of a Hare followed by hounds.

"*That* Hare," she observed to her sister, "is not at all like the pretty creature that I saw this morning, when I was walking in the wood with papa. It looks so thin, and its feet so stretched out; the one which we saw looked more like one of Edwin's rabbits, and was much fatter than this is. What makes this Hare look so? Did the person who drew this picture never see a Hare?"

"Indeed I cannot tell you, Laura," replied Mary. "I take it for granted that he must have seen one; but I

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think I can tell you why this picture which he has drawn is so different from the Hare which you saw in the wood. This poor Hare is running hard to save her life: and it hears so many enemies close behind it, that it is half dead with terror. It stretches its poor tired legs as far as they can go, and looks, as you have observed, very thin, because its legs are stretched in this manner, at full speed. Now the Hare which you saw this morning, was not frightened at all. Perhaps the sound of papa's feet and yours startled it a little, and made it jump out of your path; but then, as you did not run after it, the pretty creature was not alarmed, as this in your picture seems to be; though I dare say it did not stay long for you to look at it; for Hares are very timid animals, and it is no wonder that they are, for they have many enemies.

"The poor Hare, you know, is hunted by men with dogs, as the fox is, which we were talking of. They are not only hunted, however, like him, because of being mischievous, but also because they are very good to eat; and because gentlemen find hunting them a very fine exercise, and very amusing."

"Poor little Hares!" said Laura, and she sighed as she spoke. "That is very hard upon *them*, and very ill-natured of the gentlemen. Perhaps they might think it very amusing to hunt *me*, and then, I suppose, I must run as hard as this poor Hare, and perhaps be killed at last."

"Nonsense! Laura," said Mary; "who ever heard of hunting little girls? As to Hares, I do not know that it is

more hard for them to be killed for us to eat, than it is for sheep and other creatures. If they were *not* killed, they would destroy much of our corn, and do great mischief. But if men did not kill them, they have other enemies that would. Wolves and foxes will at all times kill and eat Hares; and besides these enemies, which may attack them on their own ground, they have others in the *air*, which are even more destructive. Eagles, and Kites, and Hawks, will discover them as they fly over their heads, and will pounce upon them before the Hares, who are always listening for the slightest noise, can tell that any danger is near them. But in this country, where there are no wolves, and where kites and eagles are very uncommon, I believe the greatest number of Hares which are killed, are killed by men. Like you, I have often been sorry for the poor animals, when I hear of their running hard to escape; but I do not think it *really* cruel to hunt them, if it is not done for cruelty. I once heard the story of a poor Hare that had been hunted, which I was very sorry for.

“It happened, one very fine day in Autumn, when, though the leaves were all off the trees, yet the weather was still quite warm, a gentleman, who lived near us, was sitting in his drawing-room with the door open; the house-door was open also. The gentleman was reading, when his attention was suddenly called from his book by the entrance of the most unexpected visitor that had ever come to see him.”

“Who was it, Mary?” asked Laura.

“A little pussy Hare!” replied Mary. “A poor tired

Hare, all covered with dust, and looking as if she could scarcely creep a step further.

"Panting and trembling, the weary, terrified animal crawled, rather than ran, across the room, and, without taking any notice of the gentleman, hid itself under the couch on which he was sitting."

"What a very odd thing! But what did the Hare go there for, Mary?"

"Why, the gentleman thought it very strange at first, but he presently understood *why* she came to hide herself, when he heard the yelping of some hounds, and the galloping of horses. It was not many minutes after puss had entered his room, before he saw the huntsmen come riding up to his door, to inquire whether he had seen a Hare run that way, saying, that the hounds had followed her for a very long way, and that she had been playing them all her sly tricks to deceive them; but that at last they were in full view of her, when suddenly she had disappeared, though they had seen her running almost close to this gentleman's door."

"Oh, I hope the gentleman did not say where the poor creature was, but was as good as Harry Sandford, when he suffered himself to be beaten by that ill-natured Squire Chase, rather than tell him which way the Hare had run, and, as Harry said, *betray the unfortunate*."

"No, Laura," said Mary, shaking her head, "this gentleman was not what *you* would call as good as Harry Sandford. He was vexed to think that the poor creature which had ran to him for safety should be found, and would

be killed. Yet, when thus asked, he confessed the truth to the huntsman, and plainly told him that the Hare was in his drawing-room. But he also told him that she should remain there in safety, since she had trusted to him for protection."

"That was right," said Laura, "and I should love the gentleman for it. But did he keep his word?"

"Why, dear Laura, he found, I am sorry to say, that he was unable to preserve poor Puss from her enemies; for the little tired animal was suddenly seized by one of the dogs, which, while the gentleman was trying to secure her safety, by speaking to the huntsman, darted unperceived under the sofa where the Hare was lying, and gripped her by the neck. She gave one feeble cry, and in an instant afterwards lay dead on the carpet."

"Oh, that was a sad thing," said Laura, who was listening anxiously to hear what became of the poor animal. "Poor Puss! how hard she must have thought it to find her hopes of shelter all in vain: but I suppose Hares do not *think* about any thing. Do people kill Hares in any other way besides hunting them?"

"Yes, sometimes they are shot, if they happen to come in the way of sportsmen when they are out with their guns in the Winter. I have heard that it is not easy to shoot them, unless the dogs make them run, for the Hares lie so close in what is called their *form*, (that is a little hollow place, or nest, among the high grass or fern, or even sometimes in the middle of a ploughed field,) that they might be straight before you, and you might be pretty close to

them, without your observing them. But the Hares can tell when any one comes near them, for they have very fine bright eyes, which are so watchful, that it is said when they sleep they do not shut them; and their large ears, moving quickly in all directions, catch every sound that approaches. However, notwithstanding all their care, they are discovered and killed: and people are very glad to have them brought to table, for their flesh is thought very good, and many persons are fond of it. But, besides that, I must tell you that they are valuable for their skins, which are much used, as well as those of rabbits. Can you tell, Laura, what they are used for?"

"No, indeed: not to make frocks for us, I suppose, like the children in that cold country, Lapland?"

"No; we do not want Hare-skins for frocks, certainly; but they are used for some part of dress: for gentlemen's *hats*."

"Gentlemen wear Hare-skin hats! I am sure my papa would not wear such things, nor Edwin neither."

"Do not be too sure of that, Laura. What does papa wear?"

"A beaver hat, to be sure."

"And how is a beaver hat made?"

"Oh, I don't know *how*; but somehow, I suppose, from the skin of a beaver."

"You may very naturally think so, Laura," said Mary; "but I have heard that in most of the beaver hats which are made, there is a great deal of the fur of Hares and rabbits; more, perhaps, than of beaver. Yet, I believe

these are chiefly those of the coarser sort, perhaps not such as papa wears."

"And so the poor Hare is to be killed for *fun*, and killed to *eat*, and killed to *make hats of*! I wonder that there are any Hares left!"

"But I have told you that they increase so fast, that if they were not killed, they would be very troublesome, and do us much mischief, by eating up our corn, and spoiling our flowers and vegetables. Perhaps you would like to hear a story, which I can tell you, of a Hare that was very kindly treated, instead of being obliged to run hard to save its life."

"Oh yes, that I should, Mary."

"Well, then, you must know that there was once a gentleman who thought, as you do, that it was a sad pity to have Hares killed; he preferred taking care of them, and met with one that really *required* his care, which these creatures in general do not. One of his neighbours once found a small *Leveret*, that is, a young Hare; it had lost its mother, and was in a helpless state when it was brought to the kind gentleman's house. I suppose its poor mother had been shot, or killed by hounds. Well, Laura, the good gentleman took the little thing into his house, and sent for some milk, which he tried to give the poor *Leveret* from a spoon; but it fed very awkwardly, and, I suppose, spilled as much of the milk as it swallowed, for it had never been used to drinking milk from a spoon before; however, he thought it would manage this better as it grew older, and so perhaps it might. But before many days had passed,

the poor little Leveret was missing. The gentleman and his servants sought for it every where they could think of, but in vain. It could not be found; and its kind master feared it had been killed by some dog, or fox, or some other of its many enemies. But at last it was discovered that the cat had taken it away."

"Oh, poor little thing! How unfortunate! What a cruel cat she must have been!"

"You are mistaken, Laura; puss was not at all cruel, but very kind, as you shall hear. It happened that she had lately had kittens, and all her poor kittens were taken from her and drowned, as kittens very often are. The cat missed her kittens, and was very unhappy, and went mew-ing piteously about the house to find them. But it was to no purpose, for her poor kittens were dead in the pond. However, she saw this little Leveret, and perhaps she mistook it for one of her own kittens. It seems she must have taken it gently up in her mouth, and carried it (as cats are often seen to carry their kittens) to the barn where she lived. Not to *eat* the poor thing, as you suppose, but to nurse it as kindly as if she had been its mother. She was very gentle with the poor motherless Leveret,—licked it with her tongue, as she would her own children, and taught it to suck her milk.

"Perhaps the Leveret mistook the cat for its own mother, for they were much alike in their soft warm *fur*; and the Leveret managed sucking pussy's milk much better than it did drinking milk from a spoon, for it had, you know, never been taught to use a spoon before.

"Well, but the gentleman, all this while, thought his little nursling was killed, and was sorry for it, till one day, when he was walking in his garden, he saw the cat come running to him, mewing, and appearing to call her kittens, as cats will do. He then saw a little creature following her, which (when he looked at it nearer) he found to be the very same little Leveret that he had lost; and which he then found puss had kindly taken under her care, till now, when she thought it old enough for her to bring out into company.

"The good gentleman was much pleased at recovering the Leveret, and was amused to see how well the two animals liked each other, and he soon found that, while puss lived, he should have no trouble about the Leveret.

"The cat continued to take care of it for as long a time as her care was necessary, that is, till the Leveret could take care of itself, and eat any thing that was offered to it. I cannot tell you how puss managed when she thought her little charge old enough to begin lessons with her."

"Lessons!" said Laura. "What can you mean, Mary?"

"Why, I assure you, Laura, all cats take care to instruct their kittens in the art of catching mice; and as soon as they are able to learn, seem to give them regular lessons in running after their tails, or any thing they can find on the floor: my poor cotton-balls, for instance, if I am careless enough to leave them about. This, probably, is in order to make their kittens *quick* in darting upon the mice. I have often seen the cat give her kittens good hard pats:

with her paws, whenever they did not learn these accomplishments as they should do.

"Now, as a Hare does not know any thing about catching mice, I should think the Leveret must have been very stupid in understanding her pussy-mamma's instructions in the art; and I dare say the poor thing had many a pat given her, to teach her better manners, according to the cat's opinion. But however this might have been (for I really cannot tell you), the Leveret in time grew up to be a full-sized *Hare*, and then poor puss had but little authority over her, and little care for her: for as soon as kittens can get their own living, they are always turned off by their mothers, to provide for themselves, and of course the Leveret fared no better.

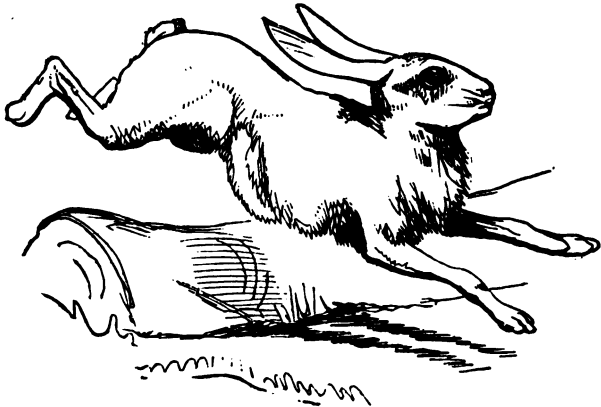
"But when puss gave it up for a pet of *hers*, pussy's master took it to be *his* pet, and a very fond little thing it used to be. It lived very sociably with the cat, whenever they met, though it no longer seemed to look upon her as a mother; and very sociably also with a favourite spaniel dog, that had his constant place beside his master's chair.

"But the dog was taught that he must not run *races* with *this* Hare, to try to catch it. The gentleman was much pleased to think that at least *one* Hare lived, under his protection, without fear and without danger.

"But at last these happy days came to an end, for Hares do not live above seven or eight years; and when they were passed, this poor animal, which had been nursed with so much care, and lived so happily, died, as any other

Hare might die ; with this difference, that neither dog, nor gun, nor man, had any hand in hastening her death.

“ And now, my dear, I think my story has been very long for this time ; to-morrow I will tell you something about another little animal, which is very much like the Hare, so much like, that it is sometimes puzzling to tell one from the other.”



THE RABBIT.



“AND what is the difference between a hare and a Rabbit?” said Laura, as she was looking at the picture of those two animals. “They are so much alike, Mary, that if I could not read, I should not know one from the other. The hare is rather larger than the Rabbit, to be sure, but how can any one tell a small hare from a large Rabbit, if he did not know before?”

“Indeed, Laura, they are very much alike, and persons who have written books describing animals, have been a good deal puzzled to say in what they differ from each other. I have heard it said that one way of knowing them apart, is to look how they carry their tails when they are running. The Rabbit’s tail is then turned up over his back, but the hare’s tail, which is longer, hangs down nearly between his legs. I cannot tell you, however, whether this is the real difference. Papa showed me a book of his, the other day, called Dr. Shaw’s *General Zoology*, where it is said that they are distinguished by the length of their hind-legs. The hare’s are *half* the length of his back, but the Rabbit’s only one third of the length

of its back. The legs of both animals are of different lengths: the fore-legs being much shorter than the hinder, but this is more remarkable in the hare than in the Rabbit."

"Well, if that is the only difference between them, I think they may very easily be mistaken. I suppose Rabbits are a sort of hare."

"Yes, I believe they are, and yet they are not at all fond of each other's company, and never live together. They do not even like the same place. A hare loves to live where the ground is firm and hard; but the Rabbit likes best to be where the ground is light and crumbling, so that he can easily rout it about with his claws; for he lives in holes under ground, which he makes for himself, with his strong rough fore-paws, and he could not be happy in a place where he was not able to *burrow*; they call this way of boring holes under ground, *burrowing*."

"What an uncomfortable way to live! down in the dusty, dirty ground. Why, they can have no light, and, I should think, nothing to eat either."

"But, Laura, Rabbits, like other weak creatures, must not mind their houses being rather dull and uncomfortable, if they are but *safe*, and there is no place above ground, where they can be so safe from their enemies as they are in their burrows. But they are not obliged to remain there *always*. They can come out, and run about, and look for food for themselves, whenever they please; but if they should be terrified, they have these snug, safe little homes

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to run to; and when there, they need not care for enemies above ground. Besides, they can keep their little ones there; but when they are making burrows for their young, I can promise you the places which they make are neither dirty nor uncomfortable. Mamma could not take more pains that the nursery should be comfortable for you and Emily, than mamma-Rabbits do to make *their* nurseries warm and neat for their children.

“Do you know, when these animals have finished scraping out the holes for these nurseries, they line them with their soft fur, which they pull off from their own bodies on purpose, and make as nice a nest as a bird can do.”

“Poor things! How they must love their young, to pull off their own coats for their comfort!”

“They do, indeed, Laura. All mothers, I believe, love their little ones dearly; and as poor Rabbits cannot go to a shop and buy warm flannel and soft muslin to dress their babies in, they have no other means of clothing them, than by stripping the soft fur from themselves. It is a pity that these poor things are obliged to be killed, as well as the hares, for they are pretty, active creatures, and it is amusing to see them skipping about a field, popping down under ground upon the very least noise, and then peeping out again, and, growing bold again, coming out to nibble at the first thing that they can find.

“In very cold weather, when the ground is covered with snow, hunger forces the Rabbits to quit their burrows, and they will come into our garden, where they do great mis-

chief among our flowers and vegetables. Papa says they spoiled a nice bed of young pinks last Winter, and the gardener complained that a whole crop of lettuces, which he had taken pains to rear, was eaten up in one week by the hares and Rabbits."

"Oh fie, naughty Rabbits! I do not wonder, then, that the gardener is angry with them, and that papa is angry too."

"The gardener took his gun to shoot the Rabbits which had done him so much injury; and a great many were killed for robbing our garden. Rabbits are passionate little things, though they have no means of making any thing mind their anger."

"Then how is it known that they are angry?"

"Why, they have a droll way of showing it. Instead of running at any one that offends them, or trying to bite or scratch, as any other animal will do, they stand still, and stamp their feet against the ground."

"And how can that hurt any thing?"

"It cannot hurt at all, and that is what makes their anger seem so very silly, as well as naughty. Like foolish children, who will sometimes punish *themselves* by pouting and ill-humour, which nobody minds, because some one has displeased them. However, in reality, the way in which the Rabbit shows his anger is *not* so foolish as it seems to be, and certainly not so foolish as that of ill-humoured children. It does no harm to any one to see, or hear, the little creature *stamping*, and, I should think, would not make any one *afraid*. But it is thought that they do it

for the sake of their children or friends, to let them know that there is danger near, and give them time for escaping into their burrows. Rabbits, like hares, have very quick ears, and can hear a slight sound at a great distance; so when one Rabbit begins *stamping*, the rest take the alarm, and away they run."

"Oh, that is very clever, and not silly at all. But how do people know this?"

"Persons who are curious about such things will watch them carefully for a long time, and when they see how these creatures act, they try to find out a *reason* for their acting so. Not that the animal itself may have a reason, and know *why* it does many things; but there always *is* a reason, if men could but find it out, because God has made all animals to act in such a way as is best for them. Indeed, we call this way *the wisest*: yet it is not *their* wisdom, but Almighty God's, that directs their actions.

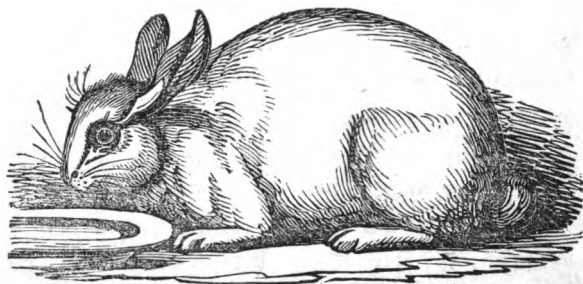
"I once was able to observe and watch the manners of Rabbits very easily. I was at a house, where the boys in the family kept Rabbits, and their papa had a very clever place made for them to be kept in. It was a large, hollow space dug out in the ground, which might almost be called a *room*, for it was so deep that a man might stand upright in it, and yet his head would not be so high as the ground. There was a wall built round the inside of it, to prevent the ground from falling in, and there were holes in this wall for the Rabbits to burrow through into the ground. In the middle of this place was a high heap of mould, covered with turf, for the Rabbits to play upon. Was not

this a nice home for them? We often used to go and watch the pretty creatures, for they would play here as merrily as they would in a field; and yet were so tame, that they would come to the sides and beg for food, just as Phyllis does at dinner-time. And we used to throw them lettuces or turnips, or any weeds that they liked, and they liked almost every thing."

"Oh, I should like to see them, and feed them too! But did you ever see any of these Rabbits stamp?"

"Indeed I did; and this was whenever Phyllis came near the edge. She would bark, as if she meant to eat them all up; though it was only in fun: she could not get at them, for there was a large net spread all over the top of this place—this *warren*, as the boys called it. And the old Rabbits would watch her, and stamp so hard, that I think they must have hurt their own poor little feet. Phyllis did not mind them, for it seemed only to make her bark the more; but the little ones ran to their holes when they heard the *stamping*. Oh, Laura! such pretty things these young ones were! You might have held them in your little hand. Such tiny creatures! (*dots*, the boys used to call them,) and yet they had pretty bright eyes, fine soft hair, and little pert ears, with their bits of tails set up over their backs. Oh, they were pretty things! Some were as white as milk, some brown, and others quite black. Sometimes I have seen seven or eight of these nice little Rabbits out feeding at once, or lying asleep in a sunny place: but as soon as a *stamping* was heard, they took alarm, and off they all were to their hiding-places, and we saw no more

of them for some time. When, however, all was quiet again, there would come first one peeping out of this hole, then another peeping out of that, and by and by, if every thing was hushed, they would all come frisking out again upon the mound of green turf in the middle of the warren."



CONCLUSION.

AND now, my dear little Laura, I think your sister seems to have gone nearly through your picture-book, and to have told you as much of all these animals as you can at present understand, and as much as you can remember. You must thank Sister Mary for the trouble she has taken, and you must try to remember what she has told you. But now let me add one thing more, by way of caution.

You must not fancy, because you have had some account of these animals, that you know all that is known about them; that would be very foolish, and you would be much mistaken, for you have heard only what such *little* children as you are can easily understand. As you grow older, you will be able to learn much more, and you will find plenty of amusing books to teach you, even if no one is at leisure to answer your questions, as dear Mary has done.

So, my little girl, take pains, and learn whatever you are taught, not only about these animals, but about the countries in which they live, and the people of those countries; and you will soon have the pleasure of understand-

ing all that you may wish to be acquainted with. And while you learn, always bear in mind that all these are God's creatures, made by Him to be happy, and therefore provided by Him with every thing that is necessary to render them so. God has made many of them to be very useful to men, to furnish people with various comforts in clothing; with their services in moving from place to place; and also with sustenance, in supplying them with food. Such animals as these are blessings to *human beings*: but all are so formed, as to be happy in *themselves*; and we are told in the Bible, that they "*all wait upon the bounty of God, who giveth them their meat in due season.*"

We must, therefore, learn, from what we know of them, to love Him, and delight to observe how very wise, how very powerful, and how very good HE must be, from all that we see, and know, of these, His works. And we must show that we love Him, by doing His will, that He also may love us. For the same kind and wise God who has so richly provided for these poor animals, in order to make them happy, for their short lives, has done infinitely more for us, His rational creatures, that we, too, might be happy, not only for our short life, but when that comes to an end, as it soon must, that we may hereafter be happy for ever with Him in heaven.

THE END.

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